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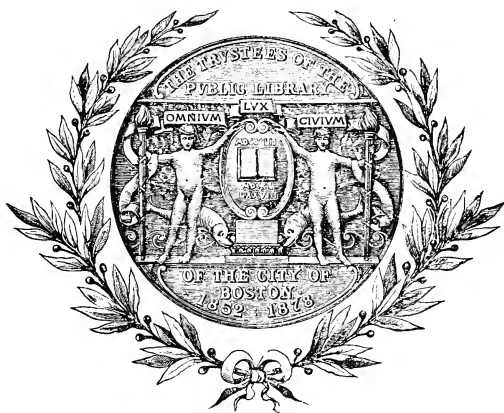
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**THE FULL STORY
of
AGUINALDO'S CAPTURE**

by
L. SEGOVIA
of the
Expeditionary Force

Translated from the original Spanish Mss.

by
FRANK DE THOMA

With Introduction and Notes

by
TEODORO A. AGONCILLO

MANILA, P. I.
1902

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LANGRAN YUEN

CONTENTS

Dedicatory	v
Editor's Introduction	vii
About the Author	xv
Prologue	xviii
Author's Introduction	xx
Chapter 1. [The Story Begins]	1
Chapter 2. Cecilio Tells of Aguinaldo	8
Chapter 3. Discovery of the Cypher	16
Chapter 4. The Rebel Leaders and Notes	28
Chapter 5. The Expedition Set Out	37
Chapter 6. En Route	44
Chapter 7. The Macabebes Are Instructed	52
Chapter 8. Polilio Island	59
Chapter 9. The Landing. First Adventures	70
Chapter 10. Among the Insurgents. Conversations	82
Chapter 11. The Mail Is Forwarded to Aguinaldo	93
Chapter 12. Departure from Casiguran	104
Chapter 13. Still on the March	114
Chapter 14. March to and Entry in Palanan	126
Chapter 15. Aguinaldo's Capture	135
Chapter 16. Conclusion	145
Notes	151
Appendix A. The Story of My Capture	154
Appendix B. The Real Aguinaldo	167

DEDICATORY

Brigadier General, FREDERICK FUNSTON, U.S.A.
GENERAL.

In proof of my esteem and most sincere friendship, I beg of You, General and of the four valiant officers, whose names are familiar to AMERICAN HISTORY, to accept this short narrative of the most daring act recorded in the annals of the PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN and performed by you gentlemen.

L. Segovia.

Manila, P. I., February 1902.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

THE capture of General Emilio Aguinaldo on 23 March 1901 was the culmination of almost two years of fanatical determination of the Americans to hunt him down in order to destroy Filipino resistance to their imperialist adventure in the Philippines. It was clear that as long as Aguinaldo was enjoying his freedom, the Filipino fight in defense of their Republic would continue indefinitely, for Aguinaldo stood for independence and the basic postulates of democracy. The assassination of General Antonio Luna on 5 June 1899, which dramatized the internal conflicts that racked the high echelon of the Filipino government, was preceded and followed by a series of military debacle. The lack of arms to repel American aggression, the tattered military discipline owing to personal loyalties, and the shift in the loyalty of a great majority of the intelligentsia and the plutocrats to the Americans — all this contributed to the tragedy of the Republic that was conceived in democratic faith and established in the midst of hope and despair. Aguinaldo, who had been leading the struggle for emancipation from Spain and the war against the United States, carried in his person the symbol of the national will to live an independent life

and, as such, stood between unity and chaos. The American military authorities in the Philippines knew this simple equation and consequently tried hard to destroy the symbol.

After Luna's death, Aguinaldo sought refuge in Pangasinan where, in November 1899, he decided upon guerrilla warfare as a means of harassing the enemy and depleting his forces. The American troops under the command of General Arthur MacArthur pursued the Filipino leader relentlessly, almost succeeding in trapping him at Pozorrubio but failed either because Aguinaldo was one step ahead of them, or because the group commander in charge of the pursuit bungled his job. Aguinaldo's odyssey from the time he left Pangasinan to blaze the trails of Mountain Province is graphically narrated in the diaries of two of his close companions: Dr. Simeon Villa and Dr. Santiago Barcelona.* On 19 November, Aguinaldo, now at Naguilian, La Union, decided to move around more energetically after learning of the capture of his mother, his son Miguel, and Felipe Buencamino. At Tirad Pass, he left his rear guard under the command of General Gregorio del Pilar in order to fight a delaying battle against the enemy. Del Pilar died fighting for his commander-in-chief who,

* The original of the diaries are found in the Philippine Insurgent Records, now in the National Library but formerly in the National Archives, Washington, D. C., where I consulted and microfilmed them in 1957. In 1963, the Bureau of Public Libraries (now National Library) published the English translation of the diaries entitled *Aguinaldo's Odyssey*.

by early December, had already reached Mountain Province. The march through uneven, difficult terrain with no food save what Aguinaldo and his companions found in the thick forests that hid the sky from view, made their task supremely hazardous and gloomy. The remaining women, despite their rare courage and physical endurance, were showing signs of exhaustion, and Aguinaldo, gallant even in adversity, decided to surrender his wife and sister to the Americans in order to spare them from further sufferings. He ordered two officers with the rank of colonel to accompany the women to Talubin, Mountain Province, and to surrender them to the enemy. Aguinaldo and his men, now unencumbered by slow-moving women, marched day and night, stopping only for a few hours' rest and to view the beautiful dawn from atop the mountain. That Aguinaldo commanded the respect and loyalty of his men is shown by the fact that when, in a rare moment of doubt, he asked them whether they would not abandon him, they all shouted as one man that "they would rather die than abandon him." By this time, late December 1899, the marchers consisted of one field officer, nine line officers, and 107 men. Dr. Santiago Barcelona was Chief of the Health Department, while Dr. Simeon Villa was Sub-Inspector of Military Hospitals — whatever that means!

The seemingly interminable trek over inhospitable terrain, narrow trails and ledge, streams, and uncharted forests, and the biting December wind atop the moun-

tain, ended in early January 1900 when the marchers reached the plains of Nueva Vizcaya. They rested and ate all they wanted at a small town. Having recovered from the shock of the long and bitter journey, Aguinaldo, fearing the presence of the enemy, ordered his men to break camp and to continue the march. In May, they found their way to Isabela where they established headquarters at Tierra Virgen. Aguinaldo, still in communication with some of his field generals through "runners", issued a series of orders to the officers urging them to intensify the guerrilla warfare against the enemy. Since he could not come into the open to command the guerrillas in person owing to the possibility of capture by the enemy, Aguinaldo gave his field commanders much leeway in deciding the steps to be taken under particular circumstances. Thus one of his orders was for the guerrillas to commence operations "in any part of the valley [Cagayan] with authority to attack and surprise the enemy without waiting for superior orders. . . ." Meanwhile, the Americans landed in Aparri, making Aguinaldo's position in Tierra Virgen untenable. So on 27 August 1900, he and his men abandoned Tierra Virgen and headed for Palanan, Isabela. On 5 September, they reached the town of Dumasari, an hour's walk from Palanan. The municipal president of this town paid him a courtesy call. It was then decided to move to Palanan, near the Pacific coast, and there hole up. To mislead the Americans who knew Villa and Barcelona,

Aguinaldo agreed to play the role of secretary to Dr. Barcelona under the name Esteban. Barcelona opted for Santos Baltazar, while Villa played Sr. Álvaro. In the morning of 6 September, the Aguinaldo group proceeded to Palanan. To their surprise a musical band and a large crowd met them. The troops were billeted at the convent, while Aguinaldo, Villa, and Barcelona occupied a private house. The fugitives were now at peace with themselves but not with the Americans who had been wondering where on earth Aguinaldo and his men had gone. It was not until 23 March 1901 that Aguinaldo, who turned thirty-two the previous day, was captured through a ruse concocted by a Spaniard in the employ of Colonel Frederick Funston and through the cooperation of some Filipino mercenaries. The ruse, abominably conceived but executed with dramatic finesse, deserves to rank with the most ingenious tricks ever perpetrated in time of war. It is a classic of deception.

THE story of Aguinaldo's capture, with all the cloak-and-dagger details worthy of a work of lavish fiction, is told, with a minimum of exaggeration and braggadocio, in Lázaro Segovia's *La Aventura de Palanan: Episodios de la Captura de Aguinaldo* (Manila, Tip. "Amigos del Pais", 1902). The English translation by Frank de Thoma was published in Manila in 1902 probably by the same printing establishment that put out the Spanish original. The title page of the English

translation, now re-issued to commemorate the centenary of Aguinaldo's birth, shows that the translation was made direct from the Spanish manuscript — implying that the translation was published ahead of the Spanish original. Segovia himself, in his "*Al Lector*", says that "*La edición en Inglés se la he dedicado al General de Brigada del Ejército de los EE. UU. Mr. Frederik [sic] Funston, y á los cuatro oficiales que acompañaron á la expedición como prisioneros supuestos.*" Since the dedication in the English translation is dated February 1902, it may be presumed that the Spanish original was published after February. Parenthetically, it may be noted that neither W. E. Retana in his *Aparato Bibliográfico . . .*, nor Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera in his *Biblioteca Filipina*, mentions the Spanish original and the English translation. It is my belief that de Thoma's edition is rarer than the original Spanish edition.

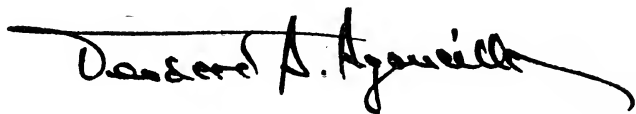
A comparison of the English translation with the Spanish original shows that Frank de Thoma was rather arbitrary, for while he translated some passages quite freely he translated others quite literally. Again, in some instances he deleted passages in the Spanish text without informing the reader, and, perhaps, even Segovia himself. Thus, on page 185 of the Spanish original, Segovia says that "*Hilario, Gregorio, Dionisio y Cecilio fueron gratificados por su cooperación lo mismo que toda la compañía de macabebes.*" This sentence does not ap-

pear in the English translation. On the other hand, the following passage does not appear in the Spanish original: “. . . let me exclaim from the innermost of my heart: Long live the Army and Navy of the United States, whose heroic acts embellish the history of the noble sons of Washington.” This, de Thoma's embellishment, is in itself a kind of heroic act worthy of a noble son of Washington. . . .

In preparing the present edition of Frank de Thoma's English translation, I did not tamper with the original text, save my correction of obvious typographical errors and some punctuation marks. Interpolations and corrections other than typographical are enclosed in brackets. The work as a whole is passable and can be understood by any reader who is literate in English. The awkward sentences resulting from attempts at literal rendering of Spanish idioms may be forgiven an American whose primary interest lay in making Segovia's Spanish work available to the American readers, some of whom may have denounced Funston for his diabolical plan, while others may have chuckled at Aguinaldo's naiveté and at the subservience of the Filipino mercenaries who made Aguinaldo's capture possible.

I have added two articles as appendices: General Aguinaldo's own story of his capture and an appraisal of Aguinaldo by an American newspaper correspondent.

Both are instructive and should lead to civilized discussions, particularly those dealing with Aguinaldo's character and his place in Philippine history.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Donato A. Aguinaldo". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal line extending to the left and a flourish extending to the right.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. L. Segovia, the author of the book, whom I have the pleasure to know personally, was born in Madrid, the capital of Spain, December 18, 1878, and at the age of fifteen had already received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

As it was his desire to enter the military career and not having sufficient funds for such studies he took advantage of the professional educational facilities offered in such cases by the government and enlisted as a volunteer in one of the regiments garrisoning Madrid. Being yet too young to enter the Military Academy, he was enabled, thanks to the generous protection of the field officers of his regiment, to pursue his studies in a private college.

When difficulties began to brew in Cuba, the government retired the privileges. He was recalled to his company. Made a corporal, but not drafted for Cuba. Knowing of the existence of a Military Academy in the Philippines which was not yet closed, he petitioned the Secretary of War for his transfer to these Islands and his request was granted by a Royal Decree, dated April 15, 1895. On his arrival in Manila he was attached to one of the native regiments.

Unfortunately, about a year afterwards, the first insurrection broke out, he had to relinquish his studies again, joined his regiment and took part with it during the one and a half years campaign, in the fights in the provinces of Laguna, Batangas, Cavite, Manila, Bulacan and Nueva Ecija, and was seven times decorated with the Red Cross for gallant conduct.

At the time hostilities were declared between the United States and Spain he was at Manila where he capitulated with the rest of the troops on August 13th, 1898.

Owing to the favoritism then prevailing among the Spanish military authorities, which made it impossible for a sergeant, without powerful influence to advance, and his time of military service having expired, he decided not to return to Spain. Impelled by his love for adventures, he cast his lot in October of the same year with the Philippines in arms, with whom he remained until May 1900, when he voluntarily and unconditionally surrendered to General Funston.

The General soon recognized that Mr. Segovia had not followed the banner of the rising Sun out of love for the Philippine revolutionary ideal, but from an in-born spirit of adventure and an inherent liking for danger. Aware of his intimate knowledge of the country, he entrusted Segovia with several important, and numberless minor missions during the 18 months he was

attached to his headquarters. The most important of these missions was the one connected with the expedition resulting in the capture of Aguinaldo and of which this narrative treats.

Brigadier General Frederick Funston, U.S.A., was highly pleased with Mr. Segovia's service and publicly acknowledged them in his official report to the Secretary of War, published in the Army and Navy Journal, July 20, 1901, wherein he spoke of Segovia as the first figure of the expedition.

The Translator.

PROLOGUE.

When a writer enters for the first time the field of literature, he should give his reason for doing so.

The first production of a writer, although its merit is unknown, is always more eagerly sought after than those of well known and acknowledged authors.

As I have not been nor ever intend to be an author, I abstain from giving my reasons for entering the lists of belle-lettres. I do not aspire to literary honors; neither have I written this in order that you may tell me if it is done well or badly. If I have decided upon publishing these few pages it is for the object of recounting all the adventures we had in our expedition to Palanan, where Aguinaldo was captured, and in which expedition I had the pleasure of taking part.

It is a monomania of travellers to narrate their adventures and impressions, if they are writers in print, if not, to their families and friends. Although I am no author, still, for once, I will take the liberty of using printer's ink.

As time passes so the history of great events increases in interest.

If I had written the following immediately after the happening, it would have been of interest, but at the same time only a varied narrative of a recent occurrence and the history of a great event does not at once have the interest it acquires afterwards.

Therefore, readers, I have tarried very nearly a year, since March 23, 1901, the date of Aguinaldo's capture, so as to be able to present this book to you on the first anniversary of that eventful day.

L. Segovia.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

The complete ignorance in which for several months the entire country was in reference to the whereabouts of the chieftain of the Philippine insurrection, Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy, induced many natives and foreign residents into the belief that he had abandoned Luzon and secretly fled to foreign parts. Others, and those the majority, supposed that he was hiding in the mountains in the northern part of the island, without soldiers, but supported by natives, awaiting the time in which the American troops would go into permanent quarters, as owing to their continual movements he was in constant danger of capture. In reference to the insurgent guerrillas scattered over very nearly every province, I think that I may safely assert that the majority was not aware of the whereabouts of their president for nearly a year and some for a longer time, and only the moral influence he then exercised and yet exercises upon them kept these guerrillas hostile towards the Americans, trusting in their chief's revolutionary spirit, and hoping that some day he would again come forth and put an end to the demoralization ruling throughout the country. The Americans, although ignoring Aguinaldo's exact hiding place, suspected that he had taken refuge

in the northern mountains. When news of his capture spread over the country it created an unparalleled sensation, because it was entirely unexpected.

At the beginning, the passive sympathizers with the insurrection as well as those in arms either doubted or discredited the news, but they soon became convinced that Aguinaldo had really fallen into the hands of the Americans. The consequences of such a capture, given Aguinaldo's influence, were not long in coming. Many insurgent guerrillas commanded by prominent leaders surrendered to the Americans, delivering their arms and taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, improving thereby the military situation of the country.

This narrative begins on one of those day's when Aguinaldo was almost forgotten and his whereabouts a mystery to all.

CHAPTER 1

[THE STORY BEGINS]

It was at about five o'clock in the evening of a day early in February 1901. At that time I was under the orders of General Funston, who had made use of my services as secret agent ever since May 1900, when I, coming from the insurgent camp where for seventeen months I had been first lieutenant, surrendered to him.

It was a general custom among the American officers of the troops stationed in San Isidro, province of Nueva Ecija, to meet in some of the clubs to pass away the time, either playing billiards or chatting and commenting upon the progress of the campaign against the insurgents of the province.

That evening, as customary, I was at the Philippine Club, and as the building occupied by the club is opposite the one in which General Funston had his office, it was not difficult for me to notice from one of the windows, the General speaking with a man, unknown to me. Judging by the person's appearance, I thought that he must have come from the insurgent camp. My curiosity awakened, and always desiring and ready to

help the General in any way in which I could be useful to him, I left the club, and to save time entered the General's office by the back door. I suspected that the man brought something of importance.

Once inside the office, I found there the General and the unknown, and, as always, I asked him if he had some new work for me. The General with his expressive eyes made me a sign, and then I understood that the man had brought good news. Observing him more closely, I noticed that he was somewhat attenuated, his cloths almost rags, and wore a wide brimmed straw hat. All this corroborated my suspicions that he had come from the enemy's camp. For what reason? This we shall learn later.

"Sit down, Segovia," said the General, "how are you this evening?"

"Very well, General,"

"What will you take with me?"

"I will take some whiskey and ginger ale, my favorite drink."

"Very well, come in," and both of us stepped into the dining room, leaving the stranger alone in the office.

"It is necessary," said the General, "to find out if this man is deceiving us or not."

"But who is he?" I asked.

"This person," replied the General, "comes from Aguinaldo's camp, he has given me a good deal of information, which, if true, merits our consideration. Do not let the man be alone, find a house for him, and try to be with him as much as possible; find out everything from him, get to be his confidant; it is only a short time since he surrendered in the village of Pantabangan with several packages of letters Aguinaldo had entrusted to him.

"General, have we the correspondence?"

"Yes, I have it in my hands."

"Then I will leave you, General, to look for a house and try my utmost to comply with your instructions."

We left the dining room and returning to the office, the General addressed the stranger thus:

"You can now go with Mr. Segovia. He will find a house for you and look out for your comfort."

"How are you, Mr. Segovia," the unknown said to me after having heard my name. "Do you not remember me? I know you."

"I can not place you."

"Do you remember when the Americans took Aliaga" (a town of the province of Nueva Ecija).

"Yes, I remember it well."

"Do you remember when you gentlemen, Col. Padilla and staff, were riding hard and fast, trying to escape from the Americans?"

"I do remember it and very vividly."

"And you do not remember, that at your arrival at the hamlet of Balo (Nueva Ecija) you met three or four officers of the Bulacan batallion, who, owing to another defeat, had become separated from their companies and were at that place?"

"Yes I remember."

"Well, I was there; I was one of the officers."

"Certainly, it now comes back to me. You gentlemen came with us and we tried to cross the American lines and reach San Jose, also in Nueva Ecija. We met an American detachment guarding a river. When they saw us, they opened fire, and we, as always, sought safety by running away, and during the run, the Bulacan officers were again lost and among them you, who disappeared at the first shot."

After this short conversation during which the General laughed heartily, we took leave of him, but not before he had instructed me to keep the greatest secrecy in reference to this interview against all without distinction of persons.

The first thing I did was to go to a nipa shack, close to the office, and after a few words with its owner, an acquaintance of mine, he granted my man permission to live in the hut. As soon as we were alone, I told him to give me the story of his life and what

he had been doing before joining Aguinaldo, and the following is his narrative, word for word:

His name is Cecilio Segismundo, a native of North Ilocos (Northern part of Luzon) where he remained until the age of twelve years when he moved with a brother of his, domiciled in Bulacan, to that province, staying there for seven years. At the age of nineteen he was drafted into the army, in accordance with Spanish law, and entered, as a private soldier, one of the seven native regiments which Spain kept in these Islands; he served his term and then became a member of the municipal police (Veterana) of Manila, a body similar to the present native police. This position he held until the insurrection broke out, when like others and his companions he went over to the rebels. He served in the insurgent army until the so-called treaty of peace of Biac-na-bato, returning with his brother to the province of Bulacan where the second uprising of the natives at the time of the declaration of war between the United States and Spain, found him.

During this instruction he was made an officer in one of the three batallions of Bulacan, the contingent of said province. With his battallion he assisted at the siege of Manila and after its surrender returned with his troops to Bulacan where he remained until hostilities broke out between the natives and the Americans. He took part in several actions along the railroad. After the demoralization subsequent to the rapid movement

of the American troops against Tarlac, he was one of those who followed the revolution, and retreated in scattered hands to the North of the island, because the Center of Luzon, as he told me, was very unpleasant. (I make use of this opportunity to state that, during those days, life was not so very rosy for me either, and all my ups and downs would fill a large volume).

As I was saying, Cecilio kept on running day after day until he reached his own country, North Ilocos, but as things were also unpleasant there, he decided to cross the provinces of Abra and Nueva Vizcaya, and with ten or twelve other fugitives arrived at the village of Echague (Isabela province) where he and most of his companions were sick for four months in consequence of the fright with which the Americans had inspired them and the pangs of hunger suffered.

After these four months, an insurgent major, Nazario Alambra, came with a few soldiers to the village, which the Americans had taken, but not garrisoned, only patrolling it. The Mayor had come from Nueva Ecija from where he had been driven out, Cecilio and the others told him their story and were again enlisted. A few days later all left for Casiguran, a village located on the coast of the Pacific ocean.

Some more soldiers joined at that place. The whole force, consisting of forty armed men under the command of Alambra, took up their quarters for some time in said village.

"One day," Cecilio said, "in the month of December, a man coming from the village of Palanan, about 90 miles distant, and up the coast, arrived at the place where we were at, and brought a letter addressed to the municipal president, calling for rice and ordering that functionary to proceed to Palanan, and report to the military authorities, there in command. With the consent of Alambra the president left, taking with him a few thousand pounds of rice and several carriers, as also a letter from the major to the military authorities of Palanan, in which he stated that he was with forty men in Casiguran and desired to know with whom he was treating.

The president returned twelve days afterwards from his expedition, and brought a letter ordering Alambra to report. This letter was signed by Emilio Aguinaldo, President Dictator of the Philippines. The same day, Alambra made his preparations and set out for Palanan, accompanied only by one guide, leaving me and the rest of the soldiers in Casiguran. Eleven days after Alambra had left, a messenger arrived with a letter from him, dated in Palanan and commanding us to join him. This happened in the later part of November. Provisions of rice and Indian corn were gathered and we forty men set out on the march. The journey lasted seven days and I then entered for the first time Palanan, where we saw Aguinaldo, his staff, and about fifty soldiers."

CHAPTER 2

CECILIO TELLS OF AGUINALDO

“During the short month I was there,” Cecilio told me, “I was able to learn from the soldiers that Aguinaldo had been closely pressed by his pursuers; that in the mountains of Abra province, he had twice very nearly escaped from being captured by the Americans; that the pursuit became hotter and hotter every day and that he could find safety nowhere. He then decided to separate from the troops, and taking only fifty men as an escort, crossed Abra province in the North and stopped, after passing through the Cagayan valley, in the village of Palanan, which, being so small and out of the way, was not visited by the Americans. When we arrived at Palanan, Aguinaldo had already been there for three months and had organized several guerrillas which operated in the provinces of Cagayan and Isabela, but these detachments were a long distance from Palanan, and maintained themselves by collections, part was forwarded to Aguinaldo. Besides in all the different towns were tax collectors, and money was continually remitted, although in small amounts.”

Cecilio said: "We were altogether ninety soldiers more or less in Palanan. Thirty were on outpost duty, some guarding the sea so as to give advise of any approaching steamer, and others were stationed at the different paths and roads leading to the towns located on the highlands of Isabela and Cagayan. The sentries were placed in such a manner that no American troops could approach the detachment without being discovered."

Aguinaldo enjoyed rest and tranquility in Palanan, for he considered himself perfectly safe from any surprise on part of the Americans. The village is situated in a hollow surrounded by high mountains. Cecilio, told us, further the insurgents exercised the utmost vigilance. "During the month, more or less," he said, "I was there, it never lapsed for a minute."

"After remaining there for twenty eight days," Cecilio continued, "I was ordered to report at headquarters, and Aguinaldo in person asked me if I dared to be the bearer of important correspondence to Central and Southern Luzon. I answered that I was ready for everything. After furnishing me with the necessary passports signed by him, he told me that I had a sergeant and four privates as an escort and gave me instructions for all the commanders I might meet on my journey in reference to the place where he, Aguinaldo, was but above all he charged me with observing absolute secrecy.

All my preparations made, I left Palanan on the ninth or tenth of January in company with the five soldiers and carrying several packages addressed to the different generals in command of Central and Southern Luzon, with instructions, that should I meet anyone of these leaders, to hand him the entire correspondence, he to forward it to its destination, and I to remain with him at his orders, until he should command me to return to Palanan.

After journeying for six days and a half, I arrived at Casiguran, where I had already been. There I rested for two days and then took the road, by way of Baler, crossing the mountains to Pantabangan, the entire hard journey covering twenty-six days.

We arrived at Pantabangan at night, hid our rifles before entering the village, as it was garrisoned by Americans. I interviewed the municipal president. This gentleman, seemingly, was already a friend of the Americans and he told me, that the best I could do was to surrender to the American lieutenant, myself, the escort, and the correspondence, and that he, the president would do all he could, so no harm might befall us. The soldiers who were hungry, in rags and tired out with the fatigues of the long trip, decided to surrender to the commander of the detachment. This we did next morning, the soldiers, delivered up their rifles and were given liberty. I handed to the lieutenant the correspondence and the next day was sent with a patrol here."

Lieutenant Taylor of the 24th Infantry had really taken the correspondence and forwarded it together with Cecilio to General Funston, commanding the Fourth District.

The moment Cecilio had finished his story and when I started from the house, leaving him to rest and eat, I met an orderly who was looking for me. I went at once and the General told me to return after supper and examine the correspondence.

"How is your guest, does he talk a lot?" asked the General.

"Yes sir, it seems to me that he is very frank."

"So long."

"Good bye, my General."

It was close to eight o'clock the same evening when I went, my mind entirely made up, to General Funston's office. The case was important. Since months the whereabouts of Aguinaldo were a mystery to all. The press published daily sensational stories, but no paper stated positively where the so-much-sought-for Aguinaldo was hid. The people, whose only source of information are the newspapers, labored under the same uncertainty. We were the first to know his hiding place and before scattering this piece of news broadcast, we had to think and do something about capturing him. Such was General Funston's idea, and the base upon which we worked.

Arrived at the office, I found the General and his adjutant, captain Smith, 4th Infantry, who took a very active part in translating and interpreting the correspondence, as also lieutenant Mitchell who afterwards accompanied us in the expedition.

"Good evening gentlemen," I said.

"Hello, Segovia, answered all, what news have we?"

"—Today's mail by special messenger," and all laughed.

The General asked me to step into the next room and when we were alone he questioned me in reference to the result of my conversation with Cecilio. Although I had told him already everything during the evening, when I had seen him from the windows of the Philippine Club, I repeated the whole story as narrated by Cecilio, and the General expressed his opinion as follows:

"If Aguinaldo is in Palanan, as this recent arrival says, then we are the first to know it. I believe it would not be difficult to go there, and, using this man as a guide, to surprise Aguinaldo's camp, although Cecilio says he exercise [*sic*] the utmost vigilance. We also might, and may be with good results, take some of these Macabebe scouts, impersonating insurgents. Perhaps we might be able to go there without awakening suspicions. How does it look to you?"

"Very well, General, but if a native is placed in command of the scouts, perhaps he may not know how to carry out the plan and then it will be a failure. An American cannot take the command of the scouts; they will immediately suspect something."

"What native have we to put in command?"

"None," I replied.

"This is so, none would be of any use."

The General mentioned these and other considerations but no plan was decided upon at that time.

"Let us have a drink," said the General with his characteristic decision. "This will clear our heads and we can read Aguinaldo's letters, and perhaps they will give us some *datas* [*sic*] for formulating a plan. The thing is to 'catch' him."

The General went outside, invited his adjutants and we took a few drops of whiskey, at the same time indulging in remarks about the newly-discovered one in Palanan.

"Gentlemen," spoke up the General, "let us look over the correspondence and translate it into English."

The correspondence was partly in Spanish, Tagalog and in a cypher, representing letters of the Castilian alphabet. The general had already opened it and looked over the contents, leaving the work of minutely scrutinizing it for the night.

We began our labor with two fixed ideas. The first to make the translation as quick as possible, so as to enable the General to make a report to his superior. The second, to find something solid where on to base the plan about which the General had spoken to me a few minutes before.

The table was covered with papers and documents. Judging by the quality and size of the paper, Aguinaldo and his people were not so well supplied as many supposed. Some of the communications, in particular the private letters of which there were many, were written on mere scraps. Those addressed to the generals were of a somewhat superior material.

I began my work by taking up some of the epistles written by the soldiers to their families. In all they complained of the hardships they had undergone until then. I kept on examining the rest. All this private correspondence was in Tagalog and all of the same tenor, every one telling of the privations which the writer had suffered during the last six or seven months. From all this we arrived at the conclusion, that the mail before us was the first one sent out since Aguinaldo's arrival in Palanan.

So as not to tire out the patience of the reader, I shall not copy this private correspondence as it contains little or nothing of interest. But, I shall give an extract of the letters signed by Aguinaldo and copy

their most important paragraphs, those of interest to this narrative.

This matter settled, only the official correspondence remains and with one of these communications we will commence our labor in the next chapter.

* * * *

CHAPTER 3

DISCOVERY OF THE CYPHER

WE CAN NOW FORM SOME IDEA ABOUT
AGUINALDO'S SITUATION IN PALANAN
AND MAKE OUR PLANS ACCORDINGLY

The package before us is addressed to the Brigadier general, Urbano Lacuna, and the letters are in Spanish.

This letter has not the importance as others we will examine later on and upon which the plan, General Funston has set his mind, rests. It is signed by E. Aguinaldo and contains, more or less, the following:

“Brigadier General commanding the Province of Nueva Ecija, Urbano Lacuna: — Taking into consideration the interest taken by you, under the present circumstances, in our unfortunate country, and considering the great military talents, inherent in you. I have decided to confirm you in your rank of Brigadier General of the Philippine Army.

“I do not doubt, trusting in your patriotism, that you will continue opposing tenacious resistance to the enemy, nor that you will desist from inflicting severe

chastisement upon traitors. Palanan, January 1901 — E. Aguinaldo.”

“As can be seen, the contents are not of much importance for our purpose. Let us keep on opening other bundles and we now find one addressed to the Brigadier General, Teodoro Sandico, “wherever he may be found” (a phrase used by the insurgents if the residence of the addressee was unknown). It, like the former, is signed by E. Aguinaldo and also written in Spanish but contains several words in cypher.

As it is my intention to narrate the events in the sequence in which they took place, joining them together in the same manner, we will suspend for the present the reading of the letter, and I shall tell in a few words another detail.

When we came to the document in question, the General said to me:

“I believe we will be unable to understand this and other communications I have, as quickly as we desire, for the reason that part of them are written in numbers, and therefore it becomes necessary to find the key; a thing we have not yet [done].”

“General, I will suspend the reading for a moment and try if I can find the cypher,” was my answer.

As the entire contents of the letter were not in cypher, I thought that by the sense of the Spanish words, I might be enabled to understand the others

and so find the key. Moving away from the General's table, I begun trying to solve the puzzle.

The General and his adjutant, Captain Smith, took the official correspondence in Spanish, and meanwhile I was thinking and forming combinations of numbers and letters in the hope of finding the solution, the two officers went to the typewriter to translate the letters and make their report to the Commander of the Department, General Wheaton.

I suppose I ought to tell my readers, so that they may not think this strange, that General Funston understands Spanish and speaks it well, and Captain Smith, although not a fluent speaker, is an excellent translator. For three consecutive hours we were thus busy. The General, with the letters in his hand, sat at captain Smith's right hand side dictating, captain Smith translating and at the same time writing it out on the machine as fast as only his nimble fingers can do.

I was at another table deeply absorbed in my combinations but without obtaining yet the desired result. Finally after having puzzled my head uselessly for three hours, I found the key. Once certain of it, I went over to the General, exclaiming.

"I have it!"

The reader may perhaps be curious to know how the discovery was made. Well, in this manner.

As already mentioned only part of the letter was in cypher, interposed among Spanish words.

One of the paragraphs commenced in Spanish. Here we can manufacture (this in cypher). I asked myself what can they do? It can not be anything very good if they put it in cypher, and it must be something having as many letters as there are numbers or cyphers in the word. I began thinking and thinking of bad things they might be able to do and the words whereof had the same number of letters. But, oh Lord, I said to myself, there was so many bad things they do, how can I know the particular one referred to here?

Thinking and writing down words, finally “ammunition” occurred to my mind and at last I had the riddle solved. For by applying the key to other words their meaning became clear. I kept on proving and proving until no doubt could exist and at last the alphabet was clear to me with the exception of three or four letters, which I had no trouble in finding afterwards; convinced of the result, I so informed the General.

Having mentioned this matter, I shall not disappoint my readers but impart to them the secret of the cypher:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	Ñ	O	P
—	23	22	21	+	20	19	18	:	17	16	15	14	13	12		11
Q	R	Rr	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z						
10	9	8	7	6	,	5	4	3	2	1						

This feat accomplished and after laboring hard for three hours, we rested, smoked a cigarette and took a drink.

Let us return to the letter we laid aside addressed to Sandico and which by its cypher caused us all this trouble and delay; and see what Mr. Aguinaldo has to say to his friend:

“Teodoro Sandico: By my decision of this day you been raised to Brigadier General of the National Armies. It would give me great pleasure if you *would come to this part of the country and join me. I have no general to place in command* of the troops, which, divided into guerrillas, operate in Cagayan valley. *You are a person possessing my entire confidence to whom I can confide such an important trust.* We are at *our ease* here, although somewhat *afraid*; we have *an arsenal on a large scale* in project. We can manufacture *ammunition* here, at present not *much*, but within a short time *more can be turned out.*

“*Decide to come*, the bearer, Cecilio Segismundo, can *tell you the road to here* or serve as *your guide.* Write and report to me what happens in those provinces; do not become discouraged [*sic*] and keep on working for our poor country, give the enemy no rest; use all kinds of mediums for continuing the war, be they lawful or not. I trust you will keep on laboring until success crowns our hopes. — E. Aguinaldo. — Pa-

lanan, January 1901.” (The italicized words were in cypher).

This letter caused us to surmise, that Aguinaldo was at Palanan without news from Central Luzon, without person in whom he could trust and that it was his intention to establish a cartridge factory.

The next letter, a long one and with many cyphers, is addressed to Baldomero Aguinaldo, his cousin, residing in Cavite:

“My dear cousin: *After many and risky adventures we were able to reach Cagayan valley, where we are at present. I have no sufficient people of my confidence to garrison this province.* I want, in the first place, *that you take charge of the command of Central Luzon, residing wherever you deem it best; send me about 400 men at the first opportunity with a good commander; if you can not send them all at once, send them in parties, the bearer can serve as guide to them until their arrival here, he is a person to be trusted.*

“*We are preparing a large arsenal in this camp, which can furnish Central and even Southern Luzon with ammunition, some of the commercial houses of Cagayan and Isabela have promised us machinery and tools.* I forward another copy of this letter by sea in case this one should be lost (Signed) Colon de Magdalo (a nom de plume, Aguinaldo had agreed upon, with certain insurgent chiefs). The italicized words were in cypher.

This letter demonstrated clearly to us that Aguinaldo was very anxious for his cousin to receive it, as he had sent one by land and the other by sea, consequently we supposed that he expected the asked-for reinforcements.

After all this had been translated into English, and once finished, the General with the penetration of men like he [*sic*] spoke up.

I think with what we know, we can form our plan. Aguinaldo is surrounded by people in whom he does not place absolute confidence. He needs soldiers, he ask [*sic*] for them, awaits them, also recommends the bearer as guide. He does not require that the soldiers for whom he is awaiting should be from a given locality but those his cousin sees fit to send.

"Does it not seem to you, Segovia, that we can be those soldiers?"

"We can take a company of Macabebes who speak Tagalog fluently, place the necessary native officers, whom we can trust, at the head, and three or four of us can go as soldiers, so they will not become scared, and they can say that we are prisoners."

We discussed some further details, and as it was now very late I took leave of the General and his adjutants and retired to rest.

Although I had been working hard and the hour was far advanced, I could not go to sleep. Yes, the General was right. We could impersonate the expected

soldiers, but who was the commander in whom we could place our confidence in such an important matter?

It was so difficult! so very difficult to find him! I had made up my mind to accompany the General and help him in carrying out his plans, but at the same time I desired that this plan should be productive of the best results possible.

Oh, so many difficulties had to be overcome! In the first place we had to begin with forging letters, because if we were to go as insurgent soldiers, we had to prove that the letters sent out by Aguinaldo had been received and his orders complied with and this required an answer. Then we had to be very careful and exact in the date of this answer, a point so delicate that at the beginning I almost despaired of overcoming it. Still I was confident that the General would triumph over all these seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, as I was convinced that he had decided upon carrying out the plan.

Next morning at about nine o'clock, I went to Cecilio's house and made him accompany me to the General's office. Once there, the General said:

"Segovia, you will be the commander of the expedition."

"The devil, General, this is rather strong."

"Not at all, it is very easy. You know Aguinaldo?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Do you think Aguinaldo knows you have surrendered?"

"I don't believe so. In the first place, Aguinaldo will not remember me, and in the second, at the time of my surrender, all Aguinaldo did was to run and this kept him so busy, that he had no time to spare for thinking about if I had surrendered or not."

"Well, if this is so, I see no difficulty in you commanding the expedition; I want you to form part of it, because then I on my part, am more at ease, and more sure of the outcome."

"General, many thanks, I want to go with you, but will you allow me to say that it would be better to have some one else than me as commander; I will go and do everything necessary, but not as commanding officer."

"Why?"

"For the reason that I am neither fat nor have I the looks of an insurgent. You know, General, that rank in the insurgent army is in direct relation with the money and paunch of the person, therefore [if] I dare go as a commander, they would easily discover that I was masquerading. Furthermore, General, I have only been a first lieutenant and this is raising me too much in rank at one stroke. If you think so, we can place a fat and ugly fellow in command, one who doesn't know Spanish, and has been a pronounced in-

surgent in the first and second rebellion, and who is now "un poco amigo" (although "poco") of the Americans, and I can go as captain."

"Yes, this is all right, but where can we find such a commander? It is so difficult! And, we must be able to trust him, because he might sell our secret.

I rummaged my memory and remembered a major who had been an insurgent all his life, and who had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, after having fallen a prisoner into the hands of a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, commanded by captain Smith and first lieutenant C. Day, both adjutants of the General. This man, Hilario Tal Placido had, in my opinion, all the conditions. I mentioned him to the General, and as he happened to know him, having been of some service to the scouts, my idea did not meet the General's disapproval, but Hilario had to be simply an instrument, owing to the fact that he spoke no Spanish and was rather ignorant. With reference to trusting him, I was going to keep a close watch over the major. The General agreed thereto under the condition that I should be the captain. We then spoke about the native officers and chose two former insurgent officers, who had been taken prisoners by the Americans and were then serving as guides in this locality, their names were Gregorio Cadigh and Dionisio Bato.

The General asked Cecilio, who was present, what he thought of doing, and told him that as he was des-

ignated to accompany the expedition as guide, he had to come with us. Cecilio agreed, thereto, saying only, that in the future, he would never separate from the Americans and would serve them, should it even be only as a private soldier.

In elaborating our plan, a new difficulty came up. How could the four or five Americans, necessary, accompany the expedition as prisoners?

We easily understood that a force called for by Aguinaldo ought not to have any prisoners with it, as it was only reasonable that they should not be encumbered in this manner. Now, how were we to make Aguinaldo believe the contrary? We discussed the point and after a few minutes talk fixed upon the following: As we had to make a long march, we could make him think that about half way on our journey to join him, we met a detachment of engineers surveying the woods through which we had to pass. There was nothing strange in this, as surveys were being conducted in all the provinces; we opened fire on the engineers and after a few shots captured them.

These my readers were the outlines upon which the drama of Palanan was to be played. Cecilio was the only native aware of General Funston's plan.

These preliminaries finished, the General decided to go down to Manila and lay the plan before his superiors.

We will leave the General to remain for a few days at Headquarters, and in the meantime, I shall tell you something of the condition the insurgent chiefs mentioned in the letters were in, how they lived, and how they were situated, for I am personally acquainted with them.

* * * *

CHAPTER 4

THE REBEL LEADERS AND NOTES

I made the acquaintance of the insurgent general Lacuna about July 1899, when I was adjutant to the commanding general of the province of Nueva Ecija, with headquarters at San Isidro. This town was occupied by an American column under command of the late lamented general Lawton in May of the same year, but the troops evacuated it again three days afterwards, joining the Army who operated on the railroad line. This is easy to understand, as San Isidro was a station in the interior and beyond the radius of operations, furthermore the rainy season was approaching, permanent quarters had to be established and San Isidro did not have the conditions required owing to its distance from the center of operations.

We, the insurgents, had held the place before the arrival of General Lawton, and, as is natural, occupied it again when he evacuated it.

San Isidro was at that time the point through which everybody desiring to communicate with the government, established then at Tarlac, had to pass. It

seems that General Pío del Pilar had received orders to join with his forces, stationed in the district of Morong,¹ the main insurgent army. One day, Lacuna, then lieutenant colonel, arrived with the vanguard, a battalion, the rest of the forces coming later. This was the first time I met him.

He was afterwards stationed at Los Angeles² (on the railroad) until the Americans began their advance, then Lacuna, like many others, together with his soldiers took to his heels, seeking safety beyond the American radius of operations. One day he came to the hamlet of Payapa³ situated to the east of the position occupied by the army; there he remained a few days and having had some dispute with the officer in command there, and of the same rank as he, Lacuna did not consider the state of affairs favorable to him in that province, and retreated to a hamlet of Bulacan province, where he deposited his rifles and lived quietly for a few months. Before finishing with Lacuna we must speak of Teodoro Sandico, another insurgent general, who was also at the same time in our province, as the stories of both are somewhat connected.

Who was Mr. Sandico? Mr. Sandico was the ex-secretary of the Interior of Aguinaldo's cabinet.⁴ This will explain much.

When the government was yet in Malolos, Sandico was one of its most conspicuous members; he was charged with governing the country; he was the secretary of the

Interior. What happened is that as soon as the Americans advanced, each of the high functionaries packed the office on his back and set out on the road he considered best. Mr. Sandico, therefore, tired out with running about, hid in the woods of said province where it was not difficult to be at ease, as the Americans could hardly believe that any human being would live there. In this manner Mr. Sandico disappeared. But we, being out in the brush one day some forty miles from his place of refuge, heard about a letter which was circulating among the natives and in it, Sandico proclaimed himself colonel of the Republican Guard and Military Chief of the province. At that time Lacuna had already left us. Well, when our commander colonel Padilla, whose adjutant I was, saw the circular, he immediately sent a messenger to Sandico, telling him he Padilla was the commander of the province and to revoke the circular. How this happened is easy to understand, Sandico, hidden in the brush, though that everybody else also had ran away and said to himself: "The country is surrounded by Americans and I am the only chief."⁵ But he was mistaken, for Padilla's letter informed him of the real state of affairs and he was content with only calling himself colonel and without pretending to be the military commander. So things went on for a few months.

As my colonel was taken prisoner and all the officers had left for parts unknown the province was with-

out commander about April 1900. Then Sandico, who heard about it, called himself military commander thereof and tried to gather the dispersed soldiery together.

At this time Lacuna, who was not a very long distance away, on hearing of Padilla's capture, dug up the buried rifles, armed a few soldiers and appeared in the province as General and military commander. The natives, who were with those two chiefs, did not know whom to obey, but a month later, Lacuna became more active and was able to recuperate very nearly all the rifles formerly belonging to Padilla's forces, and he then had a force at from between three and four hundred rifles. Finally Sandico was to be colonel, second commander of the province of which Lacuna was the first, but both operated in different parts. Lacuna was in the mountains bounding the province of Bulacan and Sandico in the heavy woods in the centre of the province.

Although it might seem that these bodies kept in contact, such was not the case. In the woods they communicated about every twenty or thirty days, but these communications were still more difficult if groups were not in the same province. The insurgents were extremely careful in marching, as the Americans kept a continual watch over all roads and patrolled all parts. The only medium through which any communication could be had between the different insurgent groups was by the help of the inhabitants of hamlets.

Aguinaldo had confidence in both of these generals. One, we have seen in the letters, he called and raised in rank; the other was also raised and the province placed under his charge. This was Aguinaldo's policy, possibly having been informed of their desires by the secret centres.

It must be borne in mind that although the secret centers communicated with Aguinaldo, they hardly ever knew his whereabouts; they sent their correspondence North and the municipal insurgent presidents, who generally knew his temporary place of abode, forwarded the letters to him by special messengers. Aguinaldo could not do this with his correspondence as he could not trust that it would reach its destination, furthermore the Americans might capture it, and this is the reason why the secret "centers" were not in receipt of letters from him. He on his part only received memorandums and reports of events without signatures which, if intercepted, compromised nobody.

Therefore my readers will not deem it strange that the supposed insurgent soldiers used for carrying out the plan should belong to one of the above-mentioned generals.

Supposing that Baldomero Aguinaldo had received the letter written by his cousin Emilio from Palanan, the first thing we would have done was to take command of Central Luzon; then, and once commander in general of the province, he would have taken a few

companies of the best soldiers, such as Aguinaldo asked for, and sent them to him. Baldomero being in command of the Center he would enter into communication with Lacuna in charge of one of the provinces, and it might be supposed that he would have asked him for troops, a thing which, instead of seeming strange to Aguinaldo, would rather please him for it would have proven that his cousin was already commanding in Central Luzon and in communication with the other insurgent general. Therefore all that had to be done was to forge correspondence already in our hands as an answer to Aguinaldo's. Forging was the least difficult part. I was convinced that they would pay no attention to the form of the letters and signatures, if they only could read the communication. The main thing was to answer point for point what Aguinaldo said; if he found his letters fully answered, that was sufficient to drive all suspicion from his mind in reference to forgery.

The most difficult matter for me was to decide upon the form in which to make the expedition. Which road to take? Where to find food? The march was so long and so replete with hardships. This troubled my mind during the General's absence in Manila. Furthermore, we were exposed to meet insurgents on our road to the Pacific coast, and impersonating them we could not fire upon them, more the bands of insurgents knew one another within the same province and this fact might

compel us to change our direction every moment and therefore cause much delay to our expedition, for we had to come within at least fifty miles of Palanan and pass by acknowledged insurgents. More, being insurgents, we could not carry provisions, we had to find requests or steal them, as they do, I was accustomed to go hungry, but how about the Americans, our supposed prisoners? Therefore taking this province as starting point was worse than useless. Still, General Funston forgets no detail in such business, he is a great guerrilla warfare strategist and I had confidence that he would take my view of the situation.

In fact a few days later, the General returned and told me that he had consulted the plan with his superiors, generals MacArthur and Wheaton and that they would help him in everything.

"For the present," he said, "they will place at our disposal a steamer which will take us South, close to Casiguran, there it will leave us off the coast and we will land at night in boats already prepared. We then will take the road to Casiguran pretending that we have come from the mountains."

Things became more clear to me and I was satisfied; the only thing to be thought of now, was to diminish the hardships of the Americans who were to accompany us as prisoners. I spoke to the general about it and he answered that they would do their best and make any sacrifice.

Everything had been agreed upon, but it was thought best to wait some time, so as to give Aguinaldo's letters a chance to reach their supposed destination, as also time for them to be answered. Meanwhile we choose the soldiers who were to accompany us and which consisted of a company of Macabebes who could all speak Tagalog, the dialect of the province we were going to. All was in readiness, but no one, the American officials, Cecilio and myself excepted, knew of the object.

Every one of the soldiers was to be furnished with an insurgent uniform and hat from the captured stores, and to be armed with Remingtons, Mausers and Krag and the corresponding ammunition.

We would also prepare official documents on insurgent paper, captured some time before by the General, and bearing Lacuna's stamp, who was supposed to have sent us.

The forged correspondence was not yet written, but everything was ready to do this work on the steamer, so that the proper dates could be put on.

About February 25th, 1901 the general went again to Manila for another conference and four or five days later, the Adjutant General of the District received a telegram from General Funston couched in the following words:

"Segovia to come with the chosen men."

These our readers will remember were Hilario Talplacido, the commanding officer, Gregorio Cading [Cadhit] and Dionisio Bato, lieutenants, and the guide Cecilio Segismundo.

We got ready immediately and left for Manila, but before starting I told Cecilio to tell nobody, not even his companions that we were going.

* * * *

CHAPTER 5

THE EXPEDITION SET OUT

After our arrival in Manila, I at once reported to the General and notified him that the men had come.

“Can we trust them?”

“I shall take good care of watching them as long as they are under my orders.”

“Very well, the steamer is not quite ready and I believe we will be unable to leave for a few days yet. Stop at one of the hotels with your people for the present and be very careful of them. Try to come and see me every morning and evening and report to me. I will let you know the exact date of departure.”

I took leave of the General, and with my four men went to a hotel in the walled city¹ and there engaged one room for five persons for a few days.

The vigilance I had to exercise over those people did not trouble me very much; none of them, with the exception of Cecilio, knew our destination. The only one I had to watch closely was Cecilio so as to hinder him from telling to the others the object of our ex-

pedition, and this I could do easily by not leaving them together alone, but taking Cecilio always with me when I left the hotel.

The others never ceased questioning me, where we were going to, and what we would do. I simply answered.

"We will make a trip with General Funston, you will know when everything is ready, do not be afraid, but keep quiet, we will soon return."

But I was well aware that they had some scruples about so secret an expedition, and this is easily understood if we take into consideration that about this time the Military Authorities had decided upon the deportation of prominent native sympathizers to Guam. Now, Hilario had been an insurgent lieutenant for several years and the others had also been connected with the rebel army. Nothing strange therefore that they should have their suspicions of being included among the list of exiles.

Hilario said to me one evening in Tagalog, the only language he is familiar with:

"Mr. Segovia, I think they are going to take us to Guam, because I can not understand all this secrecy about the expedition."

"Do not be scared, you will soon know better you will be rendering a valuable service to the Americans, and when you know the object of this expedition, you

will then be convinced of the necessity to have it kept secret."

"What is the secret?" asked all.

"Keep silence and you will know it, and you Hilario do not be afraid, you will not be deported, at least this time, to Guam."

As they did not know Cecilio, they thought his presence there also strange, and asked one another: "What is he doing here?"

On the other hand, as they were a rather uncouth set of people who had never gone beyond their hamlets, laborers, their living at a hotel seemed also strange and comment on the part of the guests were not lacking. One day, the landlord called me aside and asked who they were and if I was in charge of these natives. I answered affirmatively and in reply he said that this class of men had never been in his place before and if they could be trusted?

"Oh, I am responsible for them."

"Well, if this is the case I have no objection."

All these details I recounted to General Funston who only laughed. So several days passed, the steamer had not yet arrived and there was nothing to do but wait. In one of the interviews with the General, he said:

"Hello, Segovia, everything is arranged and our steamer is ready in Manila Bay. Eighty Tagalog and each will carry an insurgent rifle and ammunition, besides we have Krag's, which we will say have been captured on the road from the Americans; each one is to be provided with an insurgent uniform and hat, so now we are ready for the work."

"It seems so, General. How many Americans will come with us?"

"Only four officers and myself; two are those in command of the Macabebes, one my adjutant and the fourth an officer who has been in command of a detachment at Baler and knows a little about Casiguran."

We spoke about the rations of the soldiers during the time we passed at sea, and the General ordered provisions to be taken on board, such as a few thousand pounds of bacon, rice, meat and what ever else might be necessary for a fifteen days sea voyage for the 81 men who were to accompany us.

"The General also told me to call on him the next day in the morning and he would then give me the exact day and hour of departure, so that my men could be prepared.

When I called at the appointed hour the General said:

"Tomorrow at four o'clock in the afternoon we will all be at the wharf, from where a launch will take us

to a steamer anchored out in the bay. We will find the Macabebes as also the officers in readiness."

There is one detail I must mention. Although each of the Macabebes was to have an insurgent rifle and uniform, still they had not yet been distributed, but were boxed up and so sent to the steamer. If the contrary should have been done, all Manila would have gone wild with gossip at seeing the scouts marching in such a guise through the streets.

I took leave of the General and employed the rest of the day in making small purchases for us, such as shoes, tobacco and other little things which are very necessary on a march. I told my companions to be in readiness, and the next day we were all at the wharf at three o'clock P.M., this was on March 6, 1901.

We were the first to reach the wharf, about one half hour later the General arrived with lieutenant Mitchell both carrying the old clothes to be used in their role of prisoners on the march. Shortly afterwards a captain came with whom I was not acquainted and whom the General introduced to me as Captain Newton, who would also accompany us. In a short while the boxes with the uniforms and rifles came on wagons and in a minute were transferred to the launch. At about four minutes to four the Macabebes marched up with their two officers Hazzard, whom I had then the pleasure to meet for the first time. All these Macabebes were without arms and were taken into a casco,² our

launch was going to tow. Everybody now embarked, the launch steamed down the Pasig and out into the bay, and in less than one half hour we were alongside our steamer, which by the looks of its guns must be a man of war. I asked the General and he told me it was the third class cruiser "Vicksburg".

This was the first time I had ever stepped on an American war vessel. We went up the ladder, our baggage was transferred and I was introduced to the commander of the cruiser, Captain Barry, to Mr. Glenon and to all the ship's officers. This being my first visit on a vessel of this kind I lost no time to look around and was greatly impressed by the absolute cleanliness reigning everywhere.

Some sailors approached and asked me:

"You is Spanish."

"Yes."

"Then you know where we are going to."

"We go to Guam," I answered.

You are well aware, my reader, that a rumor dies quickly through a ship. Well, I was pacing the deck, thinking of many things and almost sure of the result of our expedition, when Hilario, greatly distressed, comes running up to me.

"Now you see Mr. Segovia we are going to Guam, I always thought so," and he began to tremble.

I told the story to the General and officers who laughed at the effect my words had produced. It had been decided upon not to say anything until we were on the high sea.

Comment was ripe among the Macabebes, some said that the steamer was bound for America and a sergeant questioned me.

“Do you know where we are going?”

“We are bound for China.”

Five minutes later no other conversation but about China was heard on board of that craft.

Time passed, the hour came for hoisting anchor; slowly at first and then increasing its speed our cruiser, at about seven in the evening, sailed away.

* * * *

CHAPTER 6

EN ROUTE

More than an hour had passed when the ship, going at full speed, came opposite Corregidor Island, to the mouth of the channels, and made ready to change its course to the South. I left my place on one of the iron masts from where I had been contemplating the ever changing panorama of Manila Bay.

The Macabebes scouts were lying around the deck and I had to pick my way through and over them to reach the lower deck where I stretch myself out in a hammock and tried to sleep. But unfortunately I had not been born for the sea, ten minutes later I noticed a sickly sense stealing all over my body, the heat and movement of the ship were undoubtedly to blame for it. In search of fresh air, I climbed to the upper deck again and looked around for a soft, comfortable place for my weary limbs. I do not know if the movement of a cruiser is harder at the stern than it is forward but the fact remains I was feeling extremely unwell. A sailor, who I suppose noticed my rather unsteady movements, came up and found me

a place amidship, where, according to his statement, the rocking was less perceptible.

“You no good sailor. You much easy head.”

“Oh, my friend, my mother did not intent me for a marine. I like to admire the sea and ships but from a safe distance.”

So we chatted for a long while and it did me good for when the sailor retired I felt somewhat better, but whenever I tried changing my position, the ship took it into its head to rock harder, consequently I staid [*sic*] where I was, and this place was my haven of refuge going and coming. I was dropping into sleep when I heard my name called; it was lieutenant Mitchel who came to tell that the General wanted to see me. When the lieutenant found me lying on deck he asked why I did not go to my cabin where I would be more comfortable.

“Oh Mr. Mitchel, I can’t do it, the atmosphere is too strong for me. I am very delicate, whenever it falls to my lot to travel by sea I feel unwell, and some what fatigued, thanks, I am very well here, but I shall go and see the General,” and both of us went down to his cabin.

“Hello, Segovia, how does it go?”

“Everything goes all right, but my head and stomach is all wrong.”

"What is the matter, are you already seasick."

"No, but I will be if present indications do not deceive me."

"Well, tomorrow the people must be told the object of our expedition. You will inform your officers and the captain will tell the Macabebes. It becomes necessary that you pay the greatest attention to all comments made by both parties, scouts and native officers, in reference to this trip. We must be absolutely certain of what their sentiments are before we leave the steamer."

"Rest tranquil, General, I will take care of this. Anything suspicious I shall at once report to you, I shall be watching, the people constantly until I know what they think about it."

"Very good, you are not quite well, so had better go and rest; if you need anything send at once for me, and good night! tomorrow work begins."

"Good night my General," and I returned to my former place.

Unable to sleep, I thought it a good opportunity to speak with Hilario Talplacido, and called him. He sat at my side, I handed him a cigarette, took one myself, and we then had the following conversation in Tagalog:

"I have called you to tell you the object of our expedition. We have positive information of the where-

abouts of Aguinaldo, he is in Palanan, a village about six miles from the Pacific coast island. Due to its insignificance, the Americans have never gone there. We are a column of supposed insurgents. You are the commanding officer, I am the captain and the other two who accompany us will be the lieutenants."

"And if Aguinaldo's people find this out and instead of we surprising them, they surprise us, what shall we do then?" he asked.

"Then . . . they will never take us by surprise, nor will we ever be in danger. But should they hear by any chance, which I greatly doubt, of our intentions, why, then, we will fight for this purpose we carry arms. Furthermore, everything is arranged. Aguinaldo in January sent several letters to Central and Southern Luzon by Cecilio who comes in our company. Among these letters was one addressed to Baldomero Aguinaldo, in which Aguinaldo asked his cousin to send him a column of soldiers with a good commander. The letter does not specify what soldiers, but any.

"It seems that Aguinaldo believes and relies that the soldiers can reach him, according to the date of the letters, in the later part of March or beginning of April, and upon this supposition we have based our plan.

"We will forge the answers to Aguinaldo's letters in accordance with the dates; we have also stamped in-

surgent paper, and furthermore, insurgent uniforms and rifles for the Macabebes who came with us."

"But do the Macabebes know anything about this."

"No, they do not know anything about it yet. Have you made up your mind to play your role."

"Yes as far as I am concerned, but I will not be responsible for the result."

"The only thing you have to do is to do what all insurgent chiefs do; look grave, clear your throat after every few words and if we meet people ask them about the behaviour of their head men and how everything is getting on in their hamlet; sweet words to the municipal authorities, much inquiry in reference to their conduct, telling them that they must never acknowledge the Americans, that they must always be ready to help their brothers in the field, in one word all you did and said when you were an insurgent major. To the rest I will attend, correspondence, watching out, behaviour of the soldiers towards the people etc., etc.

"The General which we have," I told him, "is a man of much experience, has a great will power, and we must help him; the final outcome depends upon us all. One man, one word, one act, anything badly done may spoil everything; we must be very, very careful; always think of what we are doing. The Americans which accompanying us are the General and four officers, who will, as soon as we find, be treated like

prisoners and we will state that we captured them on our road through the mountains.

"We will land in the neighborhood of Casiguran, all that country is insurgent territory but no soldiery are in it. We must make those people believe that we have come across the mountains and for this reason we will disembark during the night about twenty miles from the village. Once ashore no one will speak to the supposed prisoners, they must be treated as such, I will attend to that part and report every night to the General."

This was the conversation I had with Hilario that and every night we were steaming, towards our objective point. He had decided to obey all my orders, but told me that perhaps Aguinaldo might know that he had been taken prisoner and would have his suspicions aroused at hearing that he, Hilario, was in command.

Really this aspect of the matter had to be taken into consideration, and something done to dispel Aguinaldo's suspicions in case he was acquainted with Hilario's capture, knowing him as he did since the first insurrection. I thought the matter over that night, after Hilario had left me, saying to myself, if Aguinaldo knows that Hilario has been taken by the Americans he will suspect something if he sees him coming in command of the reinforcements and then trouble will arise and

perhaps our plans fail. I was thinking it over for a long time and then decided that in the letter we had to write to Aguinaldo, telling him about the soldiers, we could state that they were under the command of a very trustworthy officer who had been a prisoner but had returned to the field, there was nothing strange about this, for a good many of the captured insurgents, after being released, joined the insurrection again. On the other hand it would have a good effect on Aguinaldo, for should he know about the capture, he would applaud the major's conduct, and if not, he would place greater trust in him.

The next morning I awoke early and the color of the sea told me that we were opposite Batangas province and that our cruiser was taking the course towards the straits of San Bernardino to round the two Camarines and make for Atimonan, a town in the province of Tayabas, where it was the intention to purchase three "cascos", take them in tow, for use at our arrival off Casiguran. We also intended to buy there several old "bolos" so that nothing should be lacking in our insurgent outfit.

A "bolo", my readers, is a very useful-instrument in such expeditions for many reasons; it is necessary for cutting the firewood, opening roads through the forests, killing carabaos for meat, and it being such an important article we needed at least 30 or 40 and therefore the intention was to touch at Atimonan.

By looking at a map it is easily seen that we gained a great advantage by the water route saving more than two hundred miles of hard marching besides much time and labor and kept our secret absolutely safer which would have been almost impossible if journeying by land.

But it must not be believed that we would undergo no hardships after setting [*sic*] foot on land, no, on the contrary, that moment they would commence in earnest, for there were still about ninety miles between us and Aguinaldo.

As the soldiers breakfast is ready I shall recount how we told and explained our plan to the Macabebes, which was an entire day's work.

* * * *

CHAPTER 7

THE MACABEBES ARE INSTRUCTED

It was about eight o'clock in the morning and everybody was on deck. As soon as I saw the General I spoke to him about Hilario's apprehension, and my idea of how Aguinaldo's suspicions might be allayed. The General, after a minute's thought, agreed with me and it was decided to put it in the letters. The scouts were formed in line and captain Hazzard informed the non-commissioned officers and the soldiers of our plan and I did the same with the two lieutenants; then the General addressed the troops, stating that they were now under our orders and we then and there assumed the command.

I explained to the Macabebes fully what they had to do in the following manner:

"After landing we will be insurgents for ten or twelve days, each of you will be given an insurgent uniform and gun; once on land you must obey the commander, this gentleman, Mr. Hilario Talplacido, as if he was really in command; I will be your captain, my name is Lazaro Segovia; those two men, Gregorio Ca-

digh [Cadhit] and Dionisio Bato will be your lieutenants. We know where Aguinaldo is; and will capture him he is expecting a company of insurgent soldiers and we will come in their stead.

“When we are ashore, you will treat all you meet as brothers and hurt anybody; when we come to a village you will behave yourselves well. Should questions be asked, you must all make the same answers. We are Tagalogs, soldiers of the Brigadier General Lacuna, Military Commander of the province of Nueva Ecija; we have always operated in that province. These are our officers; during the time we were there we never separated, every day we had a fight in which we killed many Americans, on February 25th, our commander received orders to join President Aguinaldo (Don’t you say only Aguinaldo, but President Aguinaldo); we have come across the mountains of Pantabangan to Baler and Casiguran.

“If you are asked about the Americans who will accompany us, say that we took them prisoners in the Pantabangan mountains where ten of them were surveying; we opened fire; killed two and wounded three whom we left there, these five Americans we made prisoners and also captured ten rifles.” Many and many a time I repeated these instructions, telling them to say always the same and in Tagalog, if asked; if not spoken to, to keep their lips closed; that they could talk all they liked about their fights with the Americans, that

Lacuna had a large number of guns, was very brave and generous, but that they must always be very careful in their words, so that none could suspect them of being Macabebes.

"Do not respect the prisoners. You must speak to them as if they were such, treat them as you would treat any other prisoner; be on your guard in the beginning so you may not address them as 'my captain, my lieutenant'," etc.

Every morning and evening I repeated this lesson on board of the steamer, first to the entire group and afterwards to each individually until they knew it by heart and could readily repeat it perfectly.

Commentaries were not formed among them; they liked the idea but believed that Aguinaldo had many soldiers and continually questioned me, as to how we were going to "catch" him. "If he has many men, we cannot do it, for we are only a few," they said, "Aguinaldo is the chief of all and he must have lots of soldiers, and even if they believed us to be insurgents, we will be unable to capture him, because Aguinaldo will not separate from his troops."

"Do not be afraid," I replied, "if you comply strictly with my orders, they will suspect nothing; we will have no trouble in reaching his hamlet, for as I have said, he expects soldiers. Once there you will obey my commands; Aguinaldo will be in his own house, the soldiers

unarmed as they keep their rifles in the barracks. At a given signal, half of you will advance on the barracks and take guns, this will keep them from opening fire on us, the other half of you will surround Aguinaldo's house, and in this manner he will be caught.

"Should his soldiers not be there, very well; if they draw up in line, so much the better, because then, at given signal, you will fire a volley and kill half, because as they are in line they will suspect nothing.

"It is necessary for you," I told them, "not to be afraid; you must trust the General absolutely, and do nothing unless I or one of the officers order it, for should any of you act on his own part, he may jeopardize the entire expedition."

I had to tell them all this so as to inspire the doubtfully [*sic*] with confidence, if not, their pessimistic views might have spread to the rest and each one attacked without a waiting orders for concerted action, which would have greatly endangered the result.

I never doubted for a minute the loyalty of the Macabebes, all I tried to do was to make them understand their duties and to remind them constantly that we were out to deceive everybody we met, making believe that we were insurgents, I was convinced that if they did not forget their lesson, our plan would bring the desired result. Consequently all I had to do was

to see that they made no mistake, and for this reason I kept on repeating the instructions.

But another and different kind of watch I had to keep over Hilario and the two lieutenants. They might sell us; once on land and in communication with the people, they might reveal our plan and save Aguinaldo; one word was sufficient to sent [*sic*] messenger flying to Aguinaldo, who could seek safety in flight, but I promised myself that I would take good care that this should not happen.

My mission in this respect was very delicate, and as my readers will see afterwards, during our entire march from the time we landed until reaching Aguinaldo, eleven days, I never slept more than three hours and this at intervals; my only object was to insure our success.

The second day on board, the distribution of the uniforms and hats took place, so that the Macabebes could accustom themselves to their use, and at the same time that the clothing might become as dirty as possible, a natural thing, as we had to make the people believe that we had marched for many a day. There were a few new uniforms and it was quite a job to make them look old and worn but scrubbing the hold's floor with them did the work.

After the clothing had undergone this antiquating process, our Macabebes were the finest specimens of

insurgent warriors possible to be found no one had a pair of shoes, inclusive of myself. I am certain had American troops seen us when landing, they would have pursued us as "gugus."

The day's routine on board of the "Vicksburg" consisted during four days in little more than instructing our men.

Having rounded the Camarines, we touched at Atimonan, province of Tayabas, Lieutenant Mitchell and myself went very early ashore in one of the cruisers boats, to visit the American detachment stationed there and to buy two or three large "cascos," also some "bolos" and a few old civilian clothes to be distributed among the Macabebes, as the insurgents were hardly ever dressed entirely uniform.

The first things we did after reaching the village was to call upon the commanding officer and ask for his help and advice in making our purchases, but fate did not treat us kindly in that village, we were unable to find "cascos" of the size we needed, but buying "bolos" was not difficult work, as there was one or two to be found in every house and soon I had gathered thirty. Neither did I have much trouble in getting the necessary old clothing. That day we breakfasted with the commanding officer. Having in mind our seasick and knowing that the scouts would highly appreciate some of their accustomed food, I bought two sacks of

fresh vegetables, one sack of dried and one sack of fresh fish and we then returned to the vessel, where we reported to the General our failure to procure "cascos", and he decided to touch for this purpose at Polillo island a few hours sailing distant. The "bolos" were distributed among the soldiers who now began to assume the aspect of real insurgents.

The Macabebes were highly pleased with the vegetables and fish and feasted that day in native style "A la insurrecto." The hour being late and the coast dangerous we remained that night at anchor.

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CHAPTER 8

POLILLO ISLAND

On March 11, we dropped anchor opposite the island. The village of Polillo, not garrisoned by American troops, is the only settlement on the entire island and of very little importance. The island had been visited once or twice but no permanent detachment stationed there.

It was about 2 P.M. when we anchored. This short trip demonstrated fully the excellent seamanship of the commander, captain, officers and crew. The approach to and entrance into this bay is a series of shallow water and sandbacks, it requires a steady hand and an able brain, seconded by an experienced crew, to guide a man-of-war without accident through the dangerous labyrinth. This was the first time, captain Barry had ever sailed in those waters, but without the slightest mishap we wended our way through the network of hidden dangers and came to a stop opposite the village. Three boats were lowered, and although ignorant of the state of affairs a shore we embarked, lieutenant Mitchell, myself and fourteen marines under

the command of their officer. We landed without difficulty and before setting out for the village, two hundred yards distant, a committee of five natives came to receive us. We asked if insurgents were on the island and the answer was "No", that the island was quiet and that no insurgents had ever been there. Accompanied by them we went to the village, which is small but has quite a number of inhabitants. We inquired about "cascos" and were told that none could be had; we searched the beach north and south of the village and in the outlet of a creek into a river found several, but it being low tide we could not float them and consequently had to wait. The tide did not come in until sunset when we floated the "cascos" with the help of four or five natives, who also promised to find the owners of the crafts; they came, we made the trade and paid the price excepting one which we promised to pay for on our return to the cruiser because we had not brought sufficient money with us. As we had still to wait for the complete rise of the tide, we strolled through the village buying chickens and eggs, as also oars and palm coverings for the "cascos", the last to protect us against the rain and sun when disembarking at Casiguran. The ship's doctor and pursuer also visited the village.

To understand the kind of people we had to treat with, I shall give a detail. When we landed the entire population came to look at us, but being compelled to

remain for four hours, they believed we would stay permanently and disappeared one after another; which we embarked at eight o'clock in the evening, the only man remaining in the village was he to whom we owed the money for the "cascos", and the reason why he had not taken to his heels was because he thought we would run off with his money.

Finally the tide was in and we towed the crafts to the cruiser, a work which required fully two hours. When everything was ready we told our creditor that we would send him his money by a boat and to wait for it with a light as it was now dark. The sailors worked hard with those unwieldy "cascos" to bring them alongside the steamer, and I returned with six dollars in a boat to bring the money; we found our man with a big bonfire lighted, patiently waiting for us. The payment made we rowed back. The cruiser remained anchored over night.

That night we got everything ready for writing our letters as we had only two days more at our disposal. Bright and early the next morning, the sailors went to work to get the "cascos" in order, and at about eight o'clock the same morning, March 12th, we continued our journey to the entrance of the bay of Casiguran.

By this time the Macabebes had learned their lesson and what they had to do when becoming insurgents,

they were decided, but still somewhat afraid, as they yet believed, notwithstanding all my talk and explanations, that Aguinaldo had a large armed force with him. Their confidence rose when I informed them that we, the American officers and myself, would always march at the head of the column.

In reference to Hilario and the two lieutenants I had noticed nothing suspicious, and knowing as I do the Indian [Filipino], I had not for one minute ceased to inspire them with confidence in our plan. Before leaving the vessel, it may be of some interest to my readers to know how we would organize our force once landed. We had 81 Macabebes altogether, soldiers and non-commissioned officers; these were to be divided into four groups of twenty men each under the command of lieutenant, but as we had only two, we appointed as such officers our two best sergeants. The organization, once completed, was to be as follows: The first section under the command of Gregorio Cadigh [Cadhit], composed of one sergeant, two corporals and 18 scouts, a total of 21 men. Section 2 with C. Bustos, a sergeant, in command as lieutenant, 1 sergeant, 2 corporals and 17 soldiers, total 20 rifles. Section 3 commanded as lieutenant by sergeant Pedro Bustos, with 1 sergeant, 2 corporals and 17 soldiers, total 20 rifles. Section 4, lieutenant Dionisio Bato, 1 sergeant, 2 corporals and 15 soldiers, total 18, making a grand total of 79 rifles, leaving us over the two rifles of the sergeants

now lieutenant, who according to insurgent custom could not be so armed. Our order of marching was to be: Hilario and myself at the head, then the sections in their regular number, one, two, three and four.

Every lieutenant had already a list of his men, signed and dated in the mountains of Nueva Ecija. It was our intention to have now call twice a day, in the morning and evening. The General had placed in me all his trust, and had studied and laid down even the most insignificant details, so as to insure the happy outcome of our expedition.

It now becomes necessary to speak about the contents of the letters to Aguinaldo, an important if not the most important factor in deceiving him. These communications had to reach him ahead of us, so that when we arrived he would be expecting us anxiously, should this not be done he might take us for Americans; in the first event he would be off his guard, in the second he would take to flight at our approach.

The cruiser having raised anchor and as, if nothing happened, we would be off Casiguran the same night, the General and myself went to captain Barry's cabin to write the letters in answer to those forwarded by Aguinaldo two months before to Baldomero and the two generals.

It may seem that judging by Aguinaldo's letter to his cousin we ought to have made him answer the letter, but this we did not do, owing to the following reasons:

Baldomero Aguinaldo was to be Commanding General of Central Luzon, he was also to send soldiers to Emilio, well, what we did was this: We wrote a letter from general Lacuna to Colon de Magdalo (e.g. E. Aguinaldo) and this we did because Baldomero being in command could order Lacuna to send the troops needed by the president. But how did we know that Baldomero was acquainted with the whereabouts of Lacuna and why did he give him such an order? Because, as will be remembered, Cecilio, the bearer of the correspondence, had orders to deliver it to the first insurgent general he met, and under this supposition we could safely assume that Lacuna was the first general Cecilio ran across and that this general had forwarded the letters to their destination. It was to be supposed that Lacuna would have written to each of the addresses informing them that he had received a mail from the general in chief. This undoubtedly would have happened had the correspondence not fallen into our hands and thereupon we based our supposition that Baldomero knew his cousin's refuge and ordered troops to be sent to him.

Lacuna, being in command of the forces, it was preferable to make him sign the letter and so induce Aguinaldo into the belief that Baldomero was in communication with Lacuna and had commanded him to organize the relief expedition.

We dated the letter, February 25th, as Aguinaldo's bore the date of January 1st, thirty days at least must pass before it could reach Balmoro, and to get the soldiers ready would require another ten or fifteen days. We also calculated that having left our camp at Bulac, where Lacuna was, on the 25th, or one day after the letter was written, we would arrive about twenty five days afterwards at Casiguran.

The letter written by us¹ and bearing Lacuna's signature, was as follows:

"Camp Bulac, Mountains of Nueva Ecija, February 25, 1902.

"The Honorable President and Dictator of the Philippines.

"Palanan, Cagayan Valley.

"Having received orders from Mr. B. Aguinaldo, Commanding General of Central Luzon, to send to your Honor one of my best companies, I do so. I must state that the company is composed of men to be trusted entirely.

"The commander, Mr. Hilario Talplacido, is the best officer I have, he was taken prisoner by the enemy, but when released returned and joined me. I recommended him to Your Honor to be raised to lieutenant colonel as he has worked hard.

"The same I say of the valiant and energetic captain, Mr. Lazaro Segovia who, being a Spaniard, has

joined us working for our cause; I pray you may raise him to a major.

"The commanding General of Central Luzon, B. Aguinaldo, directs me to state to Your Honor, that he is in receipt of your correspondence, dated in January, and that he will comply with your orders; he also directs me to advise you that he has forwarded to you correspondence by sea, as it is safer than by land.

"I have provisioned the troops as best as I could, all the guns are in good condition.

"May God guard you many years.

"Urbano Lacuna"

(A stamp: Camp of Operations of General Lacuna)

The paper on which this letter was written had been captured by General Funston some months previous. The communication could not but deceive Aguinaldo, it demonstrated to him that two things he desired had been realized, troops were sent and his cousin answered through Lacuna; the point in reference to Aguinaldo forwarding mail by sea was neither forgotten, and therefore Baldomero also made use of both routes.

Besides the official letter we also wrote a private letter addressed by Lacuna to Aguinaldo:

"The Hon. E. Aguinaldo, President and Dictator of the Philippines:

"I tender to you my most sincere thanks for your kindness confirming me in the rank of Brigadier General. General, I shall work until death overtakes me, fighting the enemy, and I shall sacrifice if necessary even my life for today so unfortunate country. In this province, myself on one hand, and General Sandico on the other, engage the enemy every day and inflict upon him great loss. I have forwarded your correspondence to general Sandico but he has not yet answered. The bearer of the correspondence, Cecilio Segismundo, goes as guide of the company which I send to you. Without anything further, I remain yours that you will never mistrust your servant.

"U. Lacuna."

The letters written, we placed them in envelopes which we closed and kept to be forwarded to Aguinaldo when we reached Casiguran. It was about noon and the sea showed signs of bad weather approaching. When we left Polillo, two Macabebes had been placed in each "casco", but as the sea began to run high, these crafts did not offer such security; at about five o'clock in the evening a regular squall prevailed, consequently a boat had to be lowered and the Macabebes brought aboard of the cruiser; this work delayed us for about two hours.

The steamer, since leaving Polillo, only went at quarter speed as, owing to the towing of the three

cascos, it was not practicable to go full steam and in consequence we did not land that night.

We came very near in the afternoon losing [*sic*] the cascos due to the high seas running; during the night the cables broke and our crafts disappeared. Besides, all the Macabebes were seasick, I could not stand on my feet and none of us could eat anything. The cruiser danced on the water like a piece of paper and I was afraid that our scouts would be unable to land, weak as they were. About noon next day the sea quieted down and that evening we recuperated somewhat.

Having lost our cascos, it was decided to make the landing at the entrance of the bay of Casiguran and with the cruiser's boats. This done the steamer to stay out to sea where it was to remain until the 24th, when it should set sail for Palanan, as we expected to have arrived there by that time. We also decided that three days after we had set out on our march the cruiser should go into Casiguran bay, land a detachment of marines and search for supposed insurgents, to stay there one day and a half and then return [to] Baler, where the cruiser would remain until the 24th; and then join us the 25th at Palanan, as the distance by sea was only sixty miles and we had to march ninety miles.

It became dark, no lights were displayed that night, for we were already close inshore and the landing had to be made. Every scout received the corresponding

number of cartridges. The General and the officers dressed in soldiers' clothes; the scouts ate a hearty supper, because we only carried sufficient rice for cooking a meal before reaching Casiguran the next day in the evening; the distance was only 18 miles and we supposed that we could procure food there. All were dressed like insurgents and everything in readiness for disembarking.

* * * *

CHAPTER 9

THE LANDING. FIRST ADVENTURES

The cruiser proceeded very slowly and with great precaution, so as to avoid the shallows, and we only waited for it to stop and then begin disembarking, as everything was ready. The night was dark and a drizzling rain fell. After a couple of hours, the screw ceased revolving, we came to a halt and the captain advised us that we were about to take our places in line. A Macabebe, who was arranging his cartridges, dropped a "bolo" he held in his hand and so unluckily that the point penetrated his foot, causing him a wound which made it impossible for him to accompany us and he was left in the cruiser's hospital. The rest took the places silently in the boats. It was at 2 o'clock in the morning of March the 14th, when we left the ship's side, less than one half hour afterwards we were on land, and the man-of-war had disappeared as silently as it had come. Now we were full fledged insurgents. Once on shore, the night being dark and rain falling it became necessary to wait until daylight before starting in land. We also had to find our bearings we were ignorant of our location absolutely,

the only thing we did know was the direction in which Casiguran laid.

The first thing we did was to set down in a circle; in front of us was the sea, back a dense forest and to our right and left the beach stretched out. At these points, the only two by which we could be approached, I posted sentries about thirty yards from the place we were gathered. This I did for the purpose of avoiding any surprise, and the sentries were to hail any boat approaching by sea, so that its crew might not spread the alarm in Casiguran by taking us for Americans and so frighten everybody away the village.

Owing to the fine, drizzling rain, sleep was out of question, all we could do was to huddle together and protect ourselves as much as possible by brushes against the rather strong gushes of wind. Every half hour I relieved in person the sentries and cautioned each and every one not to fire under any circumstances, should I have neglected to give to a single one this instruction they would undoubtedly without further notice have shot at anything coming within sight. I was so scared that I thought they had already forgotten my lessons and advices given on the steamer. I spent all the hours interviewing until daybreak in going from one sentry to the other, not as much to watch over them, as to see that nothing should happen in case any stranger came near.

We all were wet to the skin, but there was no help for it, for none of us with the exception of Hilario who had in a bundle tied up, a wedding outfit. This was necessary because all insurgent commanders had the habit of carrying clothing of all kind with them, clothing which of course had been stolen. Furthermore Hilario was one of that particular class of persons, who, no matter where they go to, carry with them their entire house. I say so, because before leaving Manila he wanted to take all his baggage along, and as I did know our destination, I persuaded him to leave the greatest part of the hotel.

Day broke and the rain ceased. At about five o'clock we were able to have a glimpse of the view stretching out to our left in the direction towards Casiguran. For five miles along the ocean nothing else but the beach, which ended at the mouth of the narrow entrance to the inner bay, a channel hardly wide enough for a single vessel. The bay is really formed of two, the inner absolutely landlocked and their shape is like this:

At the point marked with a cross we landed and the other is Point San Ildefonso, a rocky promontory the beginning of a chain of mountains which stretches out to beyond Casiguran. As daylight increased we could make out a few houses, three or four and we calculated the inside bay to be about a mile in width.

At half past five we began our march. I examined the country with a pair of old fieldglasses carried, but

could see no sign of a living being, neither in front of us nor on either side. I consulted with the General and we decided to advance very slowly. Our object was not to scare away the "negritos" who might be about but to get a least speech with one and by him send word to the village so as not to alarm it by our sudden approach and avoid to be taken for Americans, which would result in the villagers abandoning their homes, a thing very inconvenient for us.

The order of march was: First section 1, then section 2, the five prisoners under a guard of ten men; followed by sections 3 and 4, I marched at the head. I examined the country carefully with my fieldglasses, but without discovering a soul. Our route laid along the beach, walking was not very bad and we expected to reach the village in the evening. We crossed two creeks and halted at one to eat and drink water, the distance then travelled was about three miles. Two miles farther on we reached the point, from there we distinguished the plantation and coconut groves of Casiguran, road, owing to detours, ten or twelve. At this places we found some traces of people, consisting of four sticks laid across the branches of a tree and covered with brushes, a kind of shelter against the sun and rain. It had all the appearance of having been used as an outlook, as its position commanded a view of the ocean and beach; we also noticed foot tracks of a single person which went in the direction of the village. It was

now about ten in the forenoon still not a one human being in sight, neither on the beach nor in the bay where the natives provided themselves with fish. We started again with our suspicions now aroused and considering this absolute solitude rather strange. We followed in the tracks of the foot prints and it was my opinion that they belonged to an outlook who had seen us early in the morning, as they were fresh, at the utmost an hour or two old, and who, believing us to be Americans, had run to the village to give the alarm. I reported my suspicions to the General, who had also noticed the tracks in the moist sand, and we agreed to march very slowly in the hope we might meet some "negrito" who could be sent ahead of us to the village.

The tide was coming in and our road became more and more difficult; at times we had to wade in water up to our waist for half an hour. We noticed a few boats at the mouth of the creeks emptying into the sea, and as they were tied up, people could not be far away. These details confirmed our suspicions that we had been seen and taken for Americans.

The sandy beach came to an end and for two miles we had to march over sharp stones which delayed us considerable [*sic*]; the Macabebes, being bare-footed had to pick their way very carefully and slowly. It was noon before we crossed this disagreeable stretch of ground and then reached a rivulet of sweet water, where we stopped, decided to cook, and take a needed

rest as the scouts were fatigued and many had their feet cut by those knife like stones.

As we were by this time convinced that our approach had been heralded, and knowing that the villagers were acquainted with Cecilio, he was sent ahead with a letter so as to allay suspicions in the village and make the people see the error into which their outlook had fallen. Furthermore, a letter signed by Hilario as commanding officer of the detachment, would convince them that we were insurgents and their fears unfounded.

We ordered three or four of the soldiers to take one of the canoes we had noticed and row Cecilio to the village, who took with him the following letter:

“Local President of the village of Casiguran.

“I send you the bearer, Cecilio Segismundo, who is our guide, accompanied by a sergeant and three soldiers of my detachment to seek quarters for the troops who will arrive this evening. I also pray of you to have food prepared at our arrival. We are, 1 commanding officer, 1 captain, 4 lieutenants, 77 soldiers and 5 American prisoners. I beg of you to have sufficient food ready as my soldiers are greatly fatigued, having marched for the last fifteen days over mountains. May God guard you many years.

“At the beach of the bay, March 14, 1901.

“The Commander — Hilario Talplacido.”

This letter we placed in an envelope of our own manufacture and handed it to lieutenant Gregorio [Cad-hit], who was also to accompany Cecilio. The instructions imparted to them were to say that the troops were insurgents and to procure quarters and food and tell the president to have everything ready at our arrival. They set out and we remained, as cooking rice was a tedious process with us, all our cooking utensils consisted in one, sole earthen pot. Here it was where the General and officers for the first time ate little and had fortunately lieutenant Hazzard had abstracted from the supertable a tin of canned bacon and this can came to a quick end. To awaken absolutely no suspicion in the future, I buried the empty can.

The repast over, at half past two we started again to cover the five or six miles backing and considering that our messengers would have reached the village by the time we arrived and delivered the letter to the president.

After marching for about one hour and a half I noticed at a distance a man coming towards us, not wishing that he should see and take us for Americans we hid among the trees so that he, instead of running away, might approach and give us an opportunity to have a talk with him. When he was close we called out. But it was not necessary for he had been sent to guide us to the village by Cecilio who had met him close thereto.

I asked the man about the President and the conditions prevailing in the village and was told that the "negrito" stationed as outlook, had come in running with the news that Americans were approaching and then all had left for the woods, but as soon as the people would hear that we belonged to them, that is the insurgents, they would return at once.

The fellow, being convinced of our identity, I thought it well to question him more closely.

"How about your people? Would they like to have Philippine soldiers in the village?"

"Yes, very much so, if we have troops we will not be afraid of the Americans. They came once, but we could not fight them because we only had three guns which the president has for the protection of the town. But now since you are here, we will not run away but stand to our posts; we will take prisoners like those you have, and you will see how brave the people of Casiguran are, what fighters!"

"Yes, you people will see how we manage Americans, we had numberless encounters, we were never routed and every time took prisoners. In Nueva Ecija we have a number of captured Americans. How about the rice and other food?"

"So, so, sir, but it will not be lacking, the people will contribute and we can furnish you with what you require. President Emilio Aguinaldo ordered us to sup-

ply him with provisions and we send him rice, sweet potatoes and chickens given by the villagers."

"How do you forward the provisions?"

"Twice a month by carriers, because as it so far, daily remittances are impossible.

"Now, since we are here all this will be arranged: Our President must not be lacking rice, for being our chief we must see that he is well provided for, but we will take care of this matter.

"President Aguinaldo is well content with us; he has written a letter to our president telling him that when we are independent he was going to confer honor upon Casiguran for the help we had rendered him and his soldiers."

"Yes? Well, you must keep on and then the honor is certain."

At a short distance from the village we encountered three or four men, who were going out fishing.

"Hello boys," shouted Hilario, "I am tired out and hardly able to walk."

This was the truth, and when the men heard that he was the commander, among the three they lifted him up and carried him like a bale of merchandise into the town.

At the out skirts, in a small rice field we rested and ate a mouthful. Here we saw a few people. We:

now left the beach and took a path leading in land, we also noticed Cecilio's canoe and so he must have reached his destination.

The prisoners, as said, marched under a guard, each carrying his belongings wrapped in a sheet, a bundle weighing close to twenty pounds.

We passed several huts and the people asked the soldiers where we had taken the prisoners and why we did not kill them and so be rid of all bother. Coconuts were plentiful [*sic*] and we refreshed ourselves. In one of the huts, close to the village, Cecilio was waiting for us with two chickens, his sweetheart, as he said, had given him. This was nothing strange, for he had been before in the hamlet and it is the custom of the country to have a woman before anything else. He told me that at his arrival there were very few people, as the out look had seen Americans in the morning, but that they were now returning; that he had spoken with some of his old acquaintances and delivered the letter to the vice-president, the president having gone with carriers and some young girls to Palanan, accompanied by several residents, to carry rice and chickens to E. Aguinaldo who was to celebrate his birthday on the 22nd, and who had ordered them to do so.

Having reached the village square, we met Cecilio's companions also the vice-president who at our approach took off his hat, the size of six ordinary ones, saying to me in Tagalog:

"Good evening, sir (It was about six o'clock)."

"Hello, have you our quarters ready?"

"Yes sir, these two houses," pointing with his finger to them. A large and a small one.

"Is dinner ready?"

"Not yet, because the people, supposing you to be Americans, went into the brush this morning, but in a short time you will have everything."

"Well, have some pots brought here, also firewood; send me six or eight men to prepare the food and bring water, as my soldiers are tired and must rest. Send at the same time sufficient rice for tonight and tomorrow, later on we will speak about other matters. Have outlooks placed in the bay to watch for Americans and advise us at once. If there are any hogs in the village have one brought, we will pay for it, do not forget to send the men needed for cooking our supper."

Some of villagers had already gathered and stood looking at us and the prisoners. I formed the troops in line and after calling the roll, ordered that three sections be quartered in the large house, and the rest, the prisoners, Hilario, and myself in the smaller. A sentry was posted at each door and also in front of the prisoners' room. As everybody was tired, I gave orders that no soldier should leave quarters, so that they might rest and sleep until supper was ready. Several of the



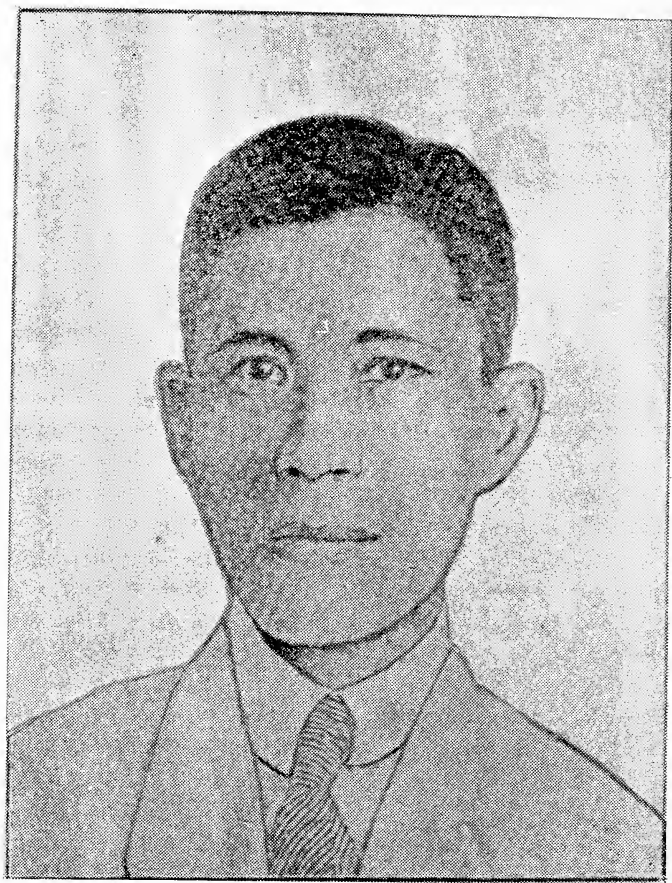
GENERAL EMILIO AGUINALDO



LÁZARO SEGOVIA



COLONEL FREDERICK FUNSTON
The "brains" behind the capture of General Aguinaldo.



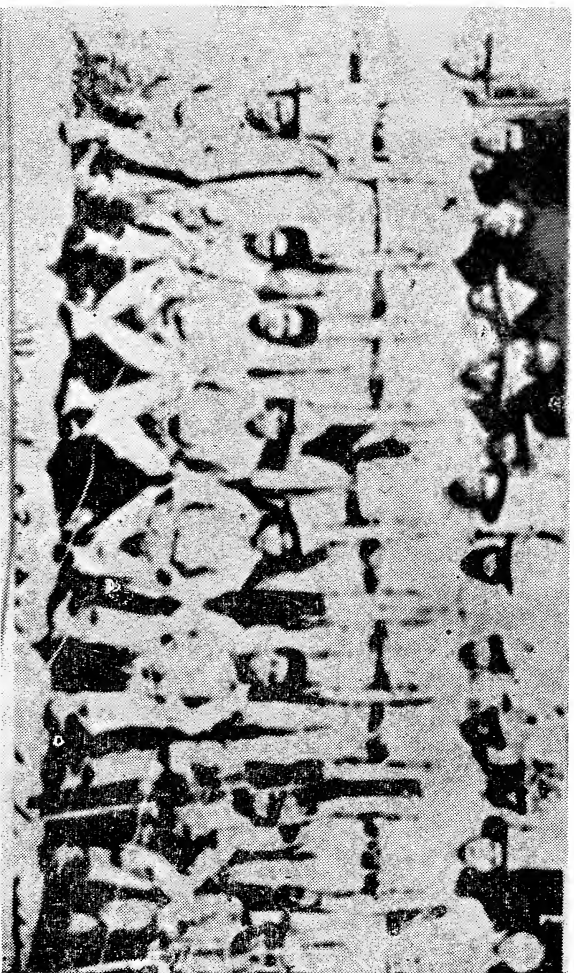
COL. SIMEON VILLA
General Aguinaldo's Chief of Staff in Palanan, Isabela



DR. SANTIAGO BARCELONA



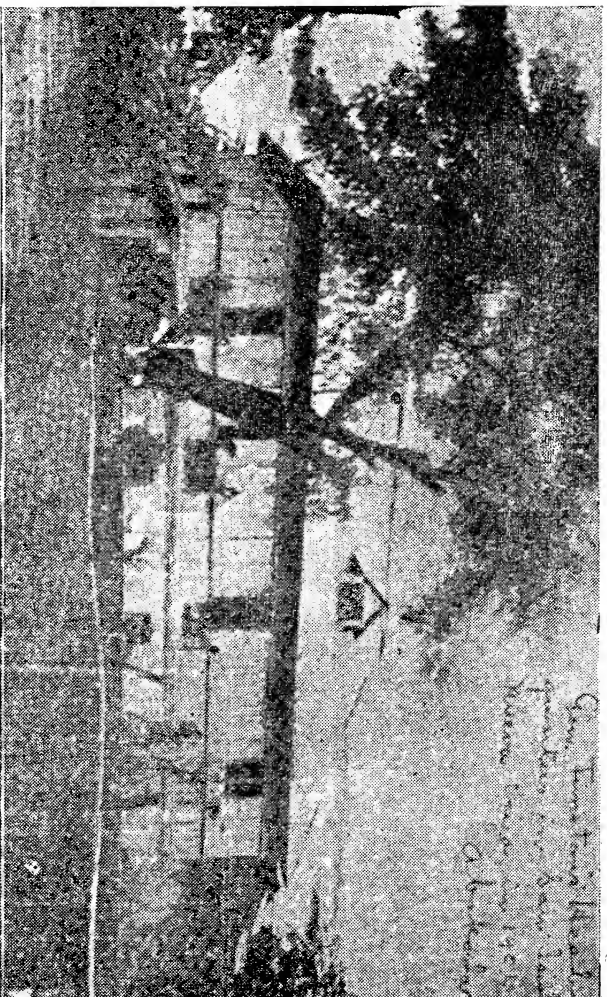
GENERAL URBANO LACUNA
His signature was forged



THE GROUP OF MACABEBES WHOM COLONEL FREDERICK FUNSTON USED
TO EFFECT GENERAL AGUINALDO'S CAPTURE.



HILARIO TAL PLÁCIDO



COLONEL FREDERICK FUNSTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN SAN ISIDRO, NUEVA ECIJIA

CHAPTER 10

AMONG THE INSURGENTS. CONVERSATIONS

We had now stepped into a hornet's nest. The village entertained absolutely no suspicions and had received no other insurgent force, this I considered a good omen.

The principal persons, as mentioned, paid us their respects and I considered this a good opportunity, to hear something about the conditions prevailing in Palanan, and addressed the village representatives as follows:

"Gentlemen, we will only remain with you for two days. President Aguinaldo has called for us two months ago and must be awaiting us anxiously by this time, so we can not delay here as our journey will take, according to Cecilio, some time yet. . . I would like you gentlemen to help us in all you can to get ready for our trip to Palanan."

"Yes we will do everything on our part, but as there are so many of you, it will take time to procure provisions for the six or seven days which you require

to reach the President. This village is very small and it is hard work to gather so large a quantity of food, furthermore we have very little rice, so you will have to take rice and Indian corn mixed and sweet potatoes, this is all we have. If you had come a week sooner we could have furnished you with everything needed, but the president with some of the residents taking with him a few young girls has gone to Palanan where our President will celebrate his birthday. He took all the rice we could spare; for here the people only clean the rice required each day, still we will do all we can to have everything ready in the shortest time possible."

"How about the Americans here?" I asked. "Have they never troubled you?"

"Never, they only came once, but returned immediately, they only staid here for a day, more or less, and since then have not come back."

"Are they ready to fight them, if they returned?"

"If they should return now when you are here, you would see how we can fight and of what help we would be to you."

"It is necessary that you keep strict watch on the beach and if anything should happen, notify me at once; how is our president?"

"Very well, sir, he lacks for nothing, we send him all we can."

"Are you in constant communication with him?"

"Yes, sir, whenever he needs anything he sends to us for it and our carriers bring us news about him."

"Has he many soldiers with him?"

"Yes, sir, very close to a hundred; there is no danger, because the Americans can not approach on any side without being discovered and the soldiery are decided to resist should the enemy come. Now with your arrival all danger will be passed, and no matter how many Americans may be sent against you, you can kill them all. When will we be independent?"

"Very soon," I answered, "before the month is over something important will happen. Before we left Central Luzon, great preparations were made in its provinces, and I believe something good will come to pass and that we will be independent very soon."

"Our President," they replied, "tells us the same thing that before long we will be independent; tells us to have a little more patience and keep on working; we, of this village, he appreciates highly and has promised to confer a title upon our village as soon as independence is declared."

"Well, very well, gentlemen, it is necessary for you to continue as at present, helping your brothers who are fighting for the country; it is necessary that you should defeat the Americans when ever opportunity offers, if you have guns all right and good, if not patience,

but never allow yourselves to become americanized. Our soldiers have retaken more than forty towns in Central and Southern Luzon besides forty villages, we have three American regiments, prisoners, we bring much good news for our President and will tell him all that has taken place in the provinces.

“How did you take these prisoners?” they asked.

I told them the story my readers are acquainted with, and bade them good night.

All retired with the exception of the vice-president whom I told, that I required next morning one or two men, with sufficient provisions, to make the journey to Palanan, as the commanding officer desired to send a messenger to President Aguinaldo informing him of our arrival in Casiguran and that we would soon join him. That we also had letters from general Lacuna addressed to Don Emilio which our commander wanted to forward also as quickly as possible.

The Vice-president took his leave and the four men he left with us cooked the sixty pounds of rice, which by that time had been sent to us. I woke the scouts, but many preferred sleep to food.

For the prisoners I had two chickens cooked, which I had bought, together with a little rice sent by the vice-president. The General and officers were in one room with a sentry at the door, whenever it became necessary for one to go outside, an armed soldier accom-

panied him; they slept on palm mats on the floor. Myself, Hilario and the native officers occupied the same house but another room, and our supper consisted of the chickens Cecilio had been given by his sweetheart.

Before retiring I visited the barracks, gave orders that no soldier should leave them during the night, posted the necessary sentries around the houses and on the street, and arranged for their relief every half hour. With the men detailed by the vice-president as our helpers and cooks, I notified him to have rice and dried fish ready for tomorrow's breakfast, and they to return at half past five.

When everybody was sound asleep I paid a visit to our prisoners who were waiting for me. "Hello, Segovia, how is everything?" asked the General in a low voice.

"Excellent, could not be better. I have had a talk with some of the headman," and I related to him the conversation as also the orders I had given about a messenger to Palanan, and advised him that in the morning some of the people would come to see our prisoners and to be careful and not let it be known that he spoke Spanish.

"Very well, Segovia, but it is necessary that you hurry matters up. The 'Vicksburg' will be here in four days, looking for insurgents and it would be rather strange if the marines found us still here, instead of being en route to Palanan."

"Do not worry, General, I shall arrange our jeepney before that time."

"How are the scouts, do they talk much?"

"No, sir, they are tired and have not been around the village."

"How are the officers?"

"They are also asleep, I take good care of them."

"I suppose we will all have to put up with whatever food we can procure," I said, "still, I shall do my best to have chicken every day. You are aware, General, we cannot steal them from the people, neither would it do to ask them for too much, for should they begin to mistrust us, the village would soon be deserted, still I think, that by courtesy and good words I will be able to have every day four chickens, which is the number you gentlemen require, for although we are prepared to pay for everything we need, the village is so poor that not even by paying can we find any who would sell us what we want."

The General seemed to be satisfied with our day's work and after chatting a few minutes more, I bade him good night.

Among the prisoners, the one who suffered the most, was lieutenant Mitchell who could not eat rice boiled in water and consequently had no other food than a small piece of chicken and the minute slice of bacon

in the morning. The General neither was extremely fond of rice but he was accustoming his stomach to the native fish; Captain Newton and the Hazzard brothers ate all set before them, and in my humble opinion they would not die of hunger even out in the brush, these three gentlemen have so good an appetite that it even surprised me who eats everything, roots inclusive; the younger Hazzard was the champion; at one meal he ate two pounds of rice; in expeditions as ours a good stomach is of great value and importance (may we have his appetite for many a year to come).

The greatest part of this, the first night, I passed making rounds so that not a scout could leave the quarters; I know the Philippine soldier too well and it is no secret to me, that the first thing he does on his arrival at a village is either to seek a friend or a girl, and this done, they prefer to sleep with them, for a native soldier to seek and find a friend, male or female, in a to him entirely unknown village is a question, of half an hour.

At five o'clock next morning, I sent a scout to the vice-president's house with orders to have the breakfast brought and to furnish us with cooks and helpers.

The soldier returned and with him three men, carrying rice and a few dried fish, but in quantity insufficient for us; however as part of the supper remained yet, at half past six we all managed to have something to eat.

After roll call, I sent Cecilio out to buy some chickens, he brought, quite unexpectedly, seven, back and with these we had breakfast prepared for the prisoners and ourselves.

The vice president also came to bid us good morning and informed me that he had sent for a "negro" living at a short distance, out in the rice fields, who would carry our letters to Palanan. This Indian was well acquainted with the road and such a good manner that he could make the journey, which will take us seven days, in three.

I asked the vice-President about the provisions for the road, and he replied that he was gathering all he could in his house and that the persons charged with the collecting had already delivered some rice and a goodly quantity of sweet potatoes. I recommended to Cecilio to buy all the chickens, eggs and whatsoever else he could, so as to have food for ourselves and the prisoners during the trip. Furthermore I intended to keep in reserve one third of the food furnished us during our stay in the village, as owing to the poverty of Casiguran I doubted very much our having provisions sufficient to last us to Palanan.

In these preparations the morning passed and it being now time to write the letters, at about ten o'clock I went to see Hilario, who was still asleep, so that everything would be ready in the evening, the time set for the messenger to start for Palanan.

At this moment the sentry advised me that some of the headmen asked for the captain. I went to see them and after they had greeted me, (insurgent officers never greet civilians,) they begged of me to allow them to see the American prisoners. I took them upstairs, the prisoners were lying down on the floor; the General, when he saw this zoological assembly, said: "Hello, hom-bres." The villagers looked very curiously at lieutenant Mitchell, and one of them told me, that he resembled the friar, formerly in charge of their parish. Nobody recognized captain Newton, formerly in command of Baler although he had been in the village once before on a mission to liberate two friars who, according to rumor, were held prisoners. The visitors remained for a quarter of an hour looking at and scrutinizing curiously the officers and then left.

I was ready to write the letter, when again the sentry called out that an old man desired to see me. I stepped down and found a man of from 55 to 60 years old, but still vigorous, waiting for me.

"Are you the captain of this company?" he asked me in Spanish, (which surprised me, as I did not expect to find any one here able to converse in Castilian): "Yes, Sir, I am," I said.

"How are you?" he replied.

"Very well, thanks." I answered.

"When I heard yesterday," he said, "the the Americans were coming I took my family out in the woods. Upon my return this morning I heard that the captain was a Spaniard and as I have always had a great regard for Castilians, I come to call on you and the commanding officer.

"Come upstairs and see the commander."

The old man climbed the stairs, paid his compliments to the commander, and then began chatting. He told us that he was a native of Manila but had lived thirty years here, as he had married in this village where he had grown old, and that he was the adviser and director of the people who respected him highly.

"I would like to see the prisoners if you will allow me; I have never seen an American in all my life; when they came here once before, I ran away. What tongue do they speak?"

"English," I replied.

I opened the door and entered the room with my man, who when he saw the prisoners lying down, began counting in English: One, two, three, four up to ten.

"Hello," spoke up General Funston.

"You speak mucho inglés."

"Yes, I was an employee of an English firm in Manila, half a century ago," but this he said in Spanish, his English not extending, beyond counting to ten. He

asked me how we had taken these soldiers prisoners, and I told him the story.

"Oh how highly pleased Don Emilio will be when he sees them, for he hates them; you will see."

"May be he will not be very much pleased," I answered.

"Why?"

"Because as you say he hates Americans!"

"But they are prisoners and that alters the case."

He kept on gossiping for another half hour, invited us to come to his house, and after taking leave for at least twelve times, left us.

* * * *

CHAPTER 11

THE MAIL IS FORWARDED TO AGUINALDO

The first blow had been struck; now for the second. The people were completely deceived, there was no doubt that they trusted us implicitly.

It now became necessary to enter into correspondence with Aguinaldo and arrange everything in reference to our arrival at Palanan. By this time we were acquainted with our situation in reference to him, consequently we would have no difficulty in reaching his headquarters as soon as he believed that we were the column sent by his cousin Baldomero.

It was a custom among the insurgents for a General to give his orders in writing to subalterns and for this purpose we had a letter, addressed by Lacuna to Talplacido.¹

“Major Hilario Talplacido.

“In virtue of the superior order received from the Commanding General of Central Luzon, you will tomorrow start out on a march with the company of Captain

Segovia in the direction of Northern Luzon and the Province of Isabela towards Baler, which is the safest route.

"Mr. Cecilio Segismundo will accompany you as guide and take you to the place where our Honorable President E. Aguinaldo resides, under whose orders you will be in the future.

"May God guard you many years.

"The Military Commander of the Province of Nueva Ecija.

U. Lacuna."

"Bulac. February 26, 1901."

This was a specie of passport which proved Hilario's identity and empowered him to ask for what ever he needed on the road.

In reference to the letter or letters we were going to send to Aguinaldo, although we had one addressed directly to him by Lacuna, we had yet to write another to convince Aguinaldo that we were acting in compliance with orders and allay whatsoever suspicions he might possibly have.

With Hilario's letter before us, we penned the following communication:

"Honorable President and Dictator of the Philippines, E. Aguinaldo."

“General Urbano Lacuna, under date of February 26 communicated to me the following:

(Text of above letter).

“Having set out on the 27th, last, in compliance with above instructions, we arrived yesterday, after a march of 16 days at this village of Casiguran, where I intend to remain until the soldiers are rested and I am able to procure the necessary provisions for the journey.

“The command is composed of 1 captain, 4 lieutenants, 4 sergeants, 8 corporals and 65 privates, making a total of 1 captain, four officers and 77 soldiers.

“We have, furthermore, five American prisoners of war, of whose capture I shall render a separate report.

“I also forward the correspondence which was handed to me by General Lacuna with orders to deliver it to Your Honor so as not to delay it as he will not leave here before three or four days, because this village is poor and it is very difficult to procure what we need in a day or two.

“May God guard you many years.

“Casiguran, March 16, 1901.

“The Officer in command of the expedition.

“Hilario Talplacido.”

This is the first letter we addressed directly to Aguinaldo and in it we copied Lacuna's communication

to Hilario, so that Aguinaldo comparing it with Lacuna's letter could have no doubt and be absolutely deceived.

It was necessary to write still another letter as we had prisoners:

"Honorable President and Dictator of the Philippines:

"On March 3rd, when marching through the mountains of Pantabangan in the direction of this village, we surprised a group of 10 Americans, who judging by their actions, were taking photographs of the country and seemed to be engineers. We opened fire and after a skirmish which lasted for twenty minutes, killed two, wounded three and the remaining five surrendered to us. Having collected their guns, ten in number, we left the wounded in care of some hunters with instructions to hand them over to the American detachment in Pantabangan and had the two dead buried. Owing to the difficulty of returning with the prisoners to general Lacuna's camp, I decided to bring them with us and this is the reason why they are now in our company.

I also inform your Honor that by the same hunters I forwarded a report on this matter to General Lacuna, which report by this time, must have reached him.

"May God guard you for many years.

"The Officer commanding the Column.

"Hilario Talplacido."

All these letters were written in Spanish language by me, but signed by Hilario.

These letters together with the others we made into a bundle, so that everything would be ready at the "negritos'" arrival and be [*sic*] could set out at once.

It was now noon, I went to the quarters and saw the scouts having dinner and ordered food to be brought to us and the prisoners. The repast finished and as neither "negrito" nor president had come, I went to the latter's house to hurry him up and at the same time to have a look around the village about which the Macabebes were now strolling so as to keep them out of mischief.

On my way, I noticed several carabaos and thought it a good idea to purchase a few, have them slaughtered, and their meat salted; and in this manner increase our stock of provisions.

Arrived at the President's house I asked when the "negrito" would be ready, as it was late and we were in a hurry for him to leave as quick as possible. He answered that the runner would be here during the afternoon. At the same time he showed me a few hundred pounds of rice and Indian corn and a quantity of sweet potatoes which his emmisaries [*sic*] had gathered for us and he expected to have more, but not much. I spoke to him about the carabaos in the village and suggested that we might buy a few, as we

would then require less rice. He answered that the only thing he could do was to accompany me to the houses of the owners and inquire if they were willing to dispose of some of their animals. I accepted the invitation and we walked about the village, but nobody was willing to sell a carabao as they were needed for work.

Finally we met an old woman, the owner of several carabaos, who agreed to sell us two carabaos at eight pesos a head; the price was low, due to the fact that the war and rinderpest had not yet reached that part of the country.

The money paid, the animals were caught and taken to the barracks to be slaughtered. I left the vice president after telling him to send people and sufficient salt for curing the meat, recommending to him at the same time to do his best in collecting more rice and maiz, as the supply was yet insufficient. I also notified him, that if this was not done by night, I would have the houses searched and take the rice found in them, but that we would pay for it, as I had no intention of allowing my soldiers to die of hunger on the road simply to save his people a little rice. This procedure was very common among the insurgents, with the difference that they never paid for anything. The vice president promised to comply with my orders and I went to the quarters to have the cattle² killed. This done, I accompanied Hilario on a visit to the old man, who had called on us in the morning. We found him lying on

a bench and dictating a letter to a man sitting at a small table. The letter was written by order of the vice president to the president of the village of Casiguran who was then at Palanan, and the letter was, as is to be presumed, in Tagalog.

The old man bade us welcome and showed us the letter, which read:

“Local President of Casiguran in Palanan

“I have the honor to inform you that a column of our troops under the command of a major arrived here yesterday at six o'clock in the evening; they go in your direction we collected from the residents rice and corn so as to provide them with the necessary food for the trip, they also have five prisoners which they have taken on the road and keep locked up in a room with sentries posted; the village is well contented as this is the first time we have seen American prisoners here; two are of short stature but the others are very tall and on is very real; well, you will see them as they will set out soon from here.

“May God guard you many years.

“Casiguran, March 15, 1901.”

The old man signed this letter at the request of the vice-president who could not write, and our messenger was to carry it. We talked for a long time with the old man, who asked me many questions about my life,

the provinces etc., etc., to all of which I gave a ready answer.

We returned to the quarters where we found the soldiers busy preparing the meat and salting it. As the work was very nearly done, I went inside and there awaited the coming of the runner. When he came accompanied by another negrito, I asked when they would set out, they answered tomorrow at daybreak and that they would be in Palanan in $3\frac{1}{2}$ days. I handed them all the letters which they wrapped in plaintain leaves and I promised to pay each one peso when they met us on their return. Not being sure that the vice-president, notwithstanding all his efforts and willingness, would be able to procure the food required, I ordered several of the soldiers to make a search for rice, Indian corn, sweet potatoes and salt in the houses and take one third of what they found and to pay for it, cautioning them at the same time not to abuse anybody and for this purpose gave them money.

My object in doing so was to have everything ready for our march the day after next, as further delay in Casiguran might seriously inconvenience us. Cecilio was doing his share of the work, he had already procured 15 chickens and the prospects for more were fair.

At about five o'clock in the evening, a native carrying one of the three Remingtons, the entire armament of Casiguran, patrolled the streets much to the annoyance of our Macabebes, and one approached me saying:

"Captain, take the gun away from him, it is a pity that such a fellow should be carrying so good a rifle."

"No," I answered, "you must not even think of such a thing, we are not here for this purpose, and do not trouble the man although he carries a dozen rifles."

The troops had supper at half past five with the exception of those cut searching for provisions, who came in struggling during the evening with about 20 pounds of rice, forty of corn and a large quantity of sweet potatoes.

After ordering the meat to be left hanging out in the air during the night and having posted the sentries, I went to have my supper. The prisoners had already eaten and were asleep with the exception of the General whom I had not seen since the night before. I reported to him the happenings of the day and it was agreed to leave Casiguran the day after tomorrow.

As I had hardly had any sleep the night before, I retired.

Early next morning, taking several soldiers with me I went to the vice-president's house for the provisions, gave him the corresponding receipt, arranged the supplies in loads and made my calculations. After much figuring it was clear that we had only enough food for five days and a half, eating short rations twice a day. The entire supply consisted of fourteen bales which

required the same number of carriers. I decided to distribute the meat and rice among the soldiers so as not to be encumbered with too many carriers. For the prisoners we had 16 chickens and one pound of dried fish for each.

It is true the provisions were insufficient, but there was no remedy, we could not wait any longer or the marines would have found us still at Casiguran, which would have ruined all our plans.

In the evening, I distributed the meat and rice, telling each soldier to husband the food well because there was no more. At night I again paid my respects to the General who asked me if all was in readiness for the march tomorrow and if we had sufficient provisions, I told him that we had only food for five and a half days, but by marching quickly we might reach Palanan within a shorter time than seven days. I rendered a detailed account of our supply and told him that I had distributed the meat and rice among the soldiers. The General was not very well pleased with the distribution, as he was rather afraid the Macabebes might not divide it carefully and so be left without anything to eat and he charged me with exercising great care.

I also stated that we had 16 chickens for him and the officers, hardly enough for three days. "All right,"

said the General, "we have six tins of beef extract, and this I think will carry us through."

I bade the General good night after telling him about the runner sent to Palanan, and retired to rest.

* * * *

CHAPTER 12

DEPARTURE FROM CASIGURAN

At six o'clock in the morning of March 17th, the troops were drawn up in line awaiting orders to march; the prisoners in readiness with their clothes packed and the carriers arranging their loads. All Casiguran had turned out to witness our departure. The prisoners were marched downstairs and placed in the middle of the column. I gave the order "march", and we began our journey.

Men and women bid us good-bye, and several persons, among them the vice-president, accompanied us to the outskirts of the village where they took leave of us.

I marched at the head, next to me came those carriers, who served as guides, and the others followed in the middle of the troops, behind the guard in charge of the prisoners. After passing through muddy rice-fields we entered the forest.

The woods were a tangle of brushes, the paths very narrow, and we had to march in single file for an hour until we reached the bed of a small creek; we met

several negritos, accompanied by their dogs, out hunting, who asked us where we were going. These "negritos", although not Christians, were not savage; they frequent Casiguran and exchange the products of the forest, and chase [hunt], for rice and Indian corn, which they appreciate more than coin, whose value they are ignorant of. After traveling for four and a half hours, it being close to noon, we came out on the sea beach, where we stopped for ten minutes to give the soldiers, who were marching in Indian file, as mentioned, time to come up with us.

We now marched along the beach towards the North for two miles more or less, until we reached a creek emptying into the sea, and carrying sweet water. Here we made noon camp, and as it was close to twelve o'clock, issued rations and began cooking, the carriers bringing wood of which there was plenty owing to the proximity of the forest. I detailed a soldier as cook for us, and the prisoners, and distributed the carriers among the different sections. Our dinner consisted that noon of chickens.

At this stop I already noticed that the scouts were broiling large pieces of meat, heedless of the long journey before them, and our scarcity of food. I expostulated with them, saying that this was all the meat we had; that should they eat it all in a day or two, we would die of hunger on the road, or turn cannibals. Notwithstanding all my well-meant preaching some of the

men feasted. After the meal, the ration being rather short but sufficient, we set out again. The beach here was sandy and afforded good walking, so we had to take advantage thereof to compensate for the delay on rough roads, and we marched at a lively gait for an hour; then we turned into a small grove, the beach being obstructed by rocks protruding out into the sea; this was only one of the many detours we had to make. After crossing the piece of woodland we came out on the beach and continued walking for another hour until we stopped for the night at a piece where drinking water was at our disposal.

It was half past six in the evening when we made up camp and prepared supper. Some of the men in the meantime went out with "bolos" to cut poles and brushes to built [*sic*] huts to shelter us against the continuously falling rain. We had four mats, out of which we constructed a cover for us and the prisoners. Rations were issued to the scouts, and we supped on two chickens, from the eleven yet remaining.

After posting the necessary soldier and detailing a guard for the prisoners, I ordered all the provisions piled around me so that nobody could steal any, and then laid down to rest.

The night passed quietly and next morning at six, we broke camp and I noticed, much to my disgust, that the Macabebes had eaten more than one half of

the entire meat supply; if this kept on, the third day would find us without beef and rice.

I approached the General when no carrier was near and reported what had happened. This was a very serious matter for me, aware as I was of the distance, to Palanan; with such squandering of food we would never reach it, but die of hunger on the road. The General told me to collect all the meat and rice and this I did. From the two carabaos slaughtered in Casiguran only six or seven pounds of salted meat remained, one third of the rice was also gone, and all this in one day. What would be the result? I distributed the remaining provisions among the carriers, telling them that they were personally responsible therefore, and with strict orders to allow no soldier to take anything.

During all that morning's march I was greatly troubled in my mind, because we would be undoubtedly short of food, owing to the Macabebes' lack of foresight and squandering of the provisions entrusted to them. But it is useless to cry over spoiled milk; there was only one remedy; to reduce everybody's ration to one fourth of the ordinary ration. I was convinced that even with this short allowance, persons in good health were able to march for five or six days, but to do this it was necessary to start early in the morning and travel at a good pace until noon, and again late in the afternoon and evening; and to have only two meals, one at noon and the other at night. The last day I decided

to make a forced march so as to reach Palanan at all hazards, and I entertained no doubt but that the Macabebes in their anxiety to capture Aguinaldo, would do their best.

Still, two problems remained to be solved: One to exercise the greatest care and guard over the provisions, as the Indian, who only thinks of the day and never of tomorrow, has no scruple whatsoever and stealing food held in reserve, although he starves afterwards. This watch I had to keep myself, for the officers, who understood the situation perfectly, were supposed prisoners and, owing to the presence of the carriers had to be treated as such. The other problem was rapid marching over bad roads, ankle deep along the beach in sand and worse yet over sharp stones bruising and cutting the foot at every step. We had to climb up and down steep, rugged mountains, and all this with men weakened by insufficient nourishment. I also was afraid that sickness might break out among us and ruin completely all our plans. Still, I trusted in the iron will of our soldiers, who like true Orientals would resign themselves to their kismet, and undergo unflinchingly hunger and sufferings.

Thinking all this over, I marched for four hours through burnings and which blistered our feet. We had not yet broken our fast and as the troops must rest, I halted, served rations and informed the scouts that only one fourth of a ration would be issued hence-

forth to each, or what is the same, one full ration to every four men. I spoke to them about the absolute necessity of this and asked them to have patience for five days when our hardships would end, for once in Palanan, food would be abundant. The soldiers who had now seen the country, a desert through which our route laid, were convinced by my arguments and resigned themselves to the short allowance.

As far as the prisoners were concerned, these gentlemen had a will not to be broken. The General, although seemingly of a delicate constitution, was made of iron. Lieutenant Mitchell, who since our landing had been unable to eat anything but the small piece of chicken which fell to his share, also demonstrated a strong will power, but he was very weak from the lack of proper food. Captain Newton and the Hazzard brothers were ready for everything; still even they were pale and emaciated owing to the short rations, entirely inadequate to the craving of healthy stomachs and good appetites. The native officers and myself had to be content with the same allowance as the troops, for this was neither the place, nor the time for distinctions. Poor Hilario, so fat, and who required a carabao daily, also had to resign himself to the common fate.

The fifteen chickens we had brought with us from Casiguran, had dwindled down to four, three having mysteriously disappeared the night before, and the last four fowls met their end today, and together with broth

made of beef extract, constituted a meal for us, and the prisoners. Breakfast or lunch, whatsoever it may be called, being over, we noticed that one of the carriers was missing. He had undoubtedly taken to the woods and went homewards, preferring the flesh pots of Casiguran, to the hunger and hardships of our expedition. As the rations just issued had been his load, we were not very sorry to miss him, as it was one mouth less to feed.

We had now to cross the spur of quite a high mountain, stretching out into the sea. From now on, it became necessary to travel faster, so we could sleep on the other side of the mountain and take advantage next morning of the low tide, for if not, we would have to wait for it until noon. Half an hour later we commenced to climb up a steep mountain. Ascending and descending we journeyed on for three hours, then forded a stream with water up to our waists and finally came out on the beach where we halted. The soldiers and carriers built huts like they had done the day before, and we also ordered a shelter to be put up for us, as a protection against the weather, which was threatening, the heavens being clouded, and rain falling.

At five o'clock next morning, everything being ready, the expedition started. During the entire day our path lay through forests, as the seashore was bounded by cliffs which compelled us to make this long, and tedious detour. It was hard and disagreeable marching over the

sharp pebbles strewn along our crows [course]. The Macabebes, as also myself, were barefooted, although I had been the proud owner of three pair[s] of canvass shoes when leaving Casiguran; but three days of tramping through virgin forests, over knife-edged rocks and stones, and fording rapid coursing streams had diminished my stock of footwear to one single pair, which I religiously kept in reserve so that I might decently pay my respects to Aguinaldo. Consequently I had to go barefooted like the Macabebes. After treading our way for five miles along the banks of a stream, we made a halt; cooked our food, and waited for the stagglers to join us; many of the scouts having fallen behind, owing to weakness, and extreme fatigue.

The rations having been issued, cooked and eaten, I gave the command "march". For two hours we walked in Indian file, when we heard the rear guard shouting; this been [*sic*] the signal agreed upon to stop should wander [*sic*] any of the soldiers too far behind. We had to wait more than one hour before the entire expedition was again together.

During this short rest a funny thing happened:

Lieutenant Hazzard was lying down close to a heavy-foliaged brush; he pulled a branch, swarmed millions of bees in every direction and stinging everybody. A general stampede took place; we all ran into the woods, the Macabebes fired their guns, pandemonium reigned

supreme for a few seconds, the bees were the victors, and capturers [*sic*] and captives did some record-breaking running, but as the bees were also fast and the hive very near, the consequences can be imagined. Then one of the carriers had a splendid idea. Where there are bees, there is honey, let us smoke them out! Without further talk the Macabebes went to work, for a bowlfull of honey was not to be despised in our circumstance. The smoke curled up and enveloped the brush, the bees disappeared, we eagerly pressed forward to have our revenge, but there was no honey, only wax and we had our trouble for nothing and the stings beside.

Our hunger was so great that it made no matter to us which the honey was good or not. Each seized a morsel, devoured it and set out again, marching as fast as our poor footsore soldiers could, so as to reach the end of the forest. At six o'clock in the evening we came to the beach, where we should have made camp, but not finding any fresh water we had to travel another half mile and then settled down to a well-earned rest.

Many of our scouts, although they had eaten hardly anything during two days, were so tired out that they preferred rest to food. When everybody was asleep, I spoke with the General and the officers in reference to the condition our expedition was in. A condition far from satisfactory as we were in danger of being compelled to leave behind one half of our scouts; on

account of weakness. The General told me that in his opinion we had no other remedy but to travel, even if it took us two days longer without food, that this was the only way out of the dilemma confronting us. Our position was serious; if we traveled slow, starvation would overtake us, if fast we would become still more enfeebled. Which was preferable? I choose the second, convinced that our Macabebes could rather stand forced marches than hunger, furthermore, that they would be greatly sustained by their desire of capturing Aguinaldo; besides, everything had gone well during the three days since we left Casiguran; we had met nobody, our carriers suspected nothing but were convinced of our identity as insurgents; the only thing waiting was to know the effect produced by our letters on Aguinaldo, and this we would not be ignorant much longer, as our messengers had agreed to meet us on their return. There was still another thing which decided me to follow this course: Hilario, our commanding officer, was unable to walk and had to be carried by a constant relay of two men; it might seriously injure our interests should he be unable to accompany us to Palanan.

Really our march from Casiguran to Palanan in this manner was foolhardiness; an insurgent column would neer have thought of undertaking the journey without sufficient supplies, but we, either owing to our strength of will power, or desire to capture Aguinaldo, or due to our arrangement with the marines, undertook this overbold, and hazardous task.

CHAPTER 13

STILL ON THE MARCH

At daybreak of March 20th we began our fourth day's journey. It may be said that we had now made one half of our journey or perhaps more, but the part yet lacking was the worst, because our route would lay for about 20 to 25 miles over a vast field of enormous boulders, which we would reach, according to our guides, within two hours after breaking camp. We started on our march at half past six in the morning and after travelling for two hours along the beach came to a small mountain, which it took us an hour by cross.

In the descent the boulders already began to make their appearance, compelling great care on our part to avoid accidents. This would have been a beautiful and picturesque journey for a party of pleasure seekers, well provided for with all delicacies and luxuries; but for us, tramping barefooted and starved, it was certainly not a pleasure trip. Still, at the beginning the feet of our soldiers did not suffer as much as we had expected, and a strange thing, the change from the

loose, sharp pebbles and the grinding sand to the smooth boulders seemed beneficial, but alas, it was only pure imagination, and the scrambling over and through those enormous blocks of rocks, not only fired our feet but also our sight as we had to be continually on the lookout, unless we desired to break our necks in that chaos resembling more than anything else an ocean of rocks. It was this morning when my foot began to ache.

At about eleven in the forenoon we rested, taking advantage of a rivulet wending its course between two hills, and there we cooked; our ration consisting of sweet potatoes, and corn mixed with a little rice, of which the prisoners and myself partook as little as possible, constituted our regulation supper. We found difficulty in procuring firewood due to the lack of vegetation. Lunch over and many of us feeling ill, we rested another hour and then continued our journey. This afternoon my foot pained me very much. I ascribed it to walking over stones and thought that a night's rest would be sufficient cure. At three o'clock a heavy shower, such as only fall in the tropics, left us in a few minutes without a dry spot, still we marched, for there was no shelter near where to seek refuge.

At five o'clock we came to a small creek. Logs and branches were scattered along its banks, here we made camp for the night and lighted two big fires. The General felt unwell this evening, his rheumatism

having returned; as far as I am concerned, my foot began to swell.

Early next morning we set out anew; we had only enough food left for three meals and our prospects were far from encouraging. Hardly able to walk, I took my place at the head of the column; until ten o'clock A.M. we journeyed over the vast stony field, then stopped, cooked our pittance and rested until one o'clock when we resumed our journey. Thanks to the Lord, at five we reached the end of the desert and there stopped, completely tired out. It was six o'clock before all the stragglers had joined us. Hilario, unable to move a step, came in carried by two men, and swearing that he would rather die than go ahead. The scouts worn out by hunger and fatigue laid down on the ground without either eating or drying their clothing. I also suffered great pain, and this day and the next two. I lost ten pounds in weight.

Rheumatic pains tormented the General; lieutenant Mitchell was hardly able to have another day's march so emaciated was his body; captain Newton and the Hazzard brothers, although of a cast-iron physic, were only shadows of their former selves.

One of the carriers who had strayed from camp to cut poles brought two "Negritos" whom he had met and who lived only at a very short distance from our stopping place. I inquired if they had any venison

these Indians depend for their subsistence entirely upon the chase, they answered no, but that they did have wild boar. One of our carriers accompanied the negrito and a half an hour later both returned bringing bones, with very little meat sticking to it, and rather of a strong odor, of a wild boar. I offered the negritos a peso, but they preferred a few handful of rice. Although these remains were far from fresh smelling, owing to the lack of proper curing, we devoured them, there is no other name for it, eagerly.

Taking advantage of the negritos' presence, we decided to sent by them a letter to Aguinaldo, which would reach him on the evening of the second day and enable him to succor us with food. Having with us pen, ink [and] paper, we wrote as follows:

"Honorable President and Dictator of the Philippines:

"After five days of a distressing march we reached this place called Laguyo; the condition in which our troops are in is deplorable; we are without food and our soldiers can not continue marching exhausted as they are by hunger and fatigue. Taking advantage of the negritos which we have met on the road, the bearers of this letter, we pray of Your Honor to be pleased and send us without loss of time, rice and food; if this is not done many of our soldiers will fall on the road before we can reach our destination.

"May God guard you many years.

"Laguyo, March 21, 1901.

"The Commander of the Column,

"Hilario Talplacido."

This communication we placed in an envelope and the negritos set out the same evening for Palanan, promising to return as quick as possible. We thought it strange that we had not yet met the runners sent from Casiguran, as we were already now five days on the road. We entertained to doubt about the effectiveness of the letters as the forgery was so perfect that Aguinaldo could suspect nothing still the delay of the messenger troubled us somewhat.

Our soldiers were in a fearful condition, some suffered from fever and many others were so weak that their companions had to sustain them, unable as they were to walk unaided; we had only sufficient food for one more meal next day. Cecilio and the carriers told us that our road would did [*sic*] lay along the sandy beach and that we could reach the insurgent outpost, stationed on the coast and eight miles from Palanan, tomorrow even [*sic*].

I had on interview with the General and we decided upon a forced march, for once at the outpost we would be able to communicate with Aguinaldo, a thing precise before entering Palanan. That night I encour-

aged the scouts, telling them that tomorrow would be our last day's hard march, not to become discouraged but to keep up their spirits, as the outpost was near.

Next morning at four o'clock we began again tramping along the beach, and although the majority of us were worn out by fatigue and many sick, everybody did his best to reach the end of our journey. I could hardly walk, but there was no remedy, I had to take my place at the head of the troops no matter what torments I suffered. Lieutenant Mitchell was transformed, unrecognizable [unrecognizable], but he as well as the General and the other officers bore their intense sufferings with the stocism of the ancient.

At the eight in the forenoon we halted. Hilario dropped to the ground, saying that he was dying. After much difficulty and persuasion he finally was induced to continue the journey, four men lifted him up and carried him the rest of the day. We had hardly gone a mile when we noticed a pole stuck [stuck] up, with our letter written to Aguinaldo in a cleft. The negrito had undoubtedly decided not to act as our messenger and returned to us in this manner the communication entrusted to him. Consequently, we need not expect any provisions at our arrival.

Noon came, we rested and cooked our last meal, but even of this short allowance I only served one half,

so that we might have something, if even only a morsel, to eat at night.

At two o'clock, the carriers pointed out to us where the outpost was stationed, a distance of about five miles. We continued marching and saw a few natives but were unable to speak to them because at sight of us they run away. We stopped for a few minutes' rest and I sent out carriers to induce these half savages to come to us and they brought back one. We asked him why he had run away and he answered because he was afraid. I inquired about the outposts and he told me it was yet there, that he had visited it this same morning. I told him to run ahead and advise them of our approach. He obeyed my orders.

We set out again and at about four o'clock came in sight of a few huts and saw people moving about them. At five o'clock we arrived there, one of the guards advanced, saluted and handed me a letter. Before opening it, I asked who had sent it, and the soldier replied that it had come from Palanan. The letter was addressed to "The Lieutenant Colonel, Hilario Talplacido, Commander of the column" its contents were as follows:

"In accordance with the instructions of our Honorable President, at receiving these presents, you will leave the prisoner under a guard at Dinudungan (the name of the site of the outpost) and you will set out im-

mediately for here, but without the prisoners, as it would be a serious matter should they see this village.

"May God guard you many years.

"Palanan, March 21, 1901,

"Simeon Villa,

"Colonel of Staff"

After reading the letter, I was overcome with joy, no doubt remained, Aguinaldo would be our prisoner on the 23rd, he had been deceived!

To this letter I wrote the following answer:

"Simeon Villa, Colonel of the Staff:

"In this moment I am in receipt of your communication in reference to the prisoners, but I beg to state that it is impossible for me to continue the march, as our soldiers are in a very bad condition; therefore I pray of you to send sufficient rice for one day, as also sufficient provision for the guard which is to remain here, as we are entirely out of food, if this is done, we can continue our march tomorrow.

"May God guard you many years.

"Dinudungan, March 22, 1901.

"The Lieutenant Colonel commanding the Column,

"Hilario Talplacido."

Our relations in reference to Aguinaldo could not be better. He had received the correspondence for-

warded from Casiguran, judging by the title given to Hilario. Aguinaldo had taken into consideration Lacuna's recommendation; he ordered us to leave the prisoners here, so they might not see the town, and to continue our march.

Everything was highly satisfactorily [*sic*] to us, we only required food to appease our hunger and as we had still a little, very little, left, we ate what remained and which served only to make us feel more hungry. Our messenger, having promised to return next morning, we entertained our empty stomach with the hope of a "square" breakfast.

The matter in reference to leaving the prisoners behind was serious. How could we abandon the General and the officers? Impossible; I had already spoken to the General but owing to the presence of bystanders, could speak only in an indirect way. At dark, I ordered the scouts to clean their rifles and have everything in readiness, and order. The Macabebes seemed to me to [be] somewhat discouraged, disheartened; they kept questioning continually the soldiers of the outpost, about the number of troops Aguinaldo had with him. The fellows did really not know themselves, some answered 70 and others brought the number above 100, this only made matters worse. Everyone who know the soldier, and more so if he is an Indian, will understand perfectly will the alarming and conflicting rumors ripe in camp and the commentaries thereon. Some of the badly

scared Macabebes came to me, saying that our only safety had in rushing Palanan, in opening fire at once when we entered the village. To do this would mean the failure of our plans, and I at once used all my powers of eloquence to demonstrate to them that if they obeyed strictly my orders, they would incur no danger, and Aguinaldo's capture would be easy. After a long talk I was able to inspire them anew with confidence.

Once everybody asleep, I went to conference with the General, who was waiting for me.

"Well, Segovia, this is serious, we have to think the matter over, we can not go to Palanan owing to the letter received; if they might suspect nothing, we could march with the troops."

"The situation is serious, indeed, General," I answered. "They order that you must not come to Palanan, consequently if you go in our company, suspicions will arise and greatly interfere with our plans; but, under a guard, for should ill-luck be our share, you would be in imminent danger. What is to be done?"

"I have an idea."

"Which?"

"Will you, Segovia, dare to go alone to Palanan?"

"Yes, General, but under one condition. You see, the soldiers, as I have noticed from their talk, are scared, they think Aguinaldo has a large force at his command. Now there is one thing the Macabebes, as hard as they

may try, can not dissimulate, and this is fright. If left to themselves, they will open fire at sight of the first enemy, and try to take Palanan by assault, thereby spoiling all our plans. General, I am convinced that if we enter Palanan as insurgents and march up as such to Aguinaldo's headquarters, we are certain of capturing him either dead or alive, no matter if he has 500 men (which he does not have), and this is the reason, for which our action will take all by surprise, unsuspecting as everybody is, Aguinaldo, his staff, officers and soldiers. But to do this, it is necessary that our Macabebes do not become excited; that they do nothing, except obey blindly my orders; I must have absolute command. If so, General, I shall march at their head to and into Palanan. Still, General, the question: How will you and the officers go?"

"We can do one thing; we can march under a guard in your rear, say, at a distance of about two miles; and when you reach Palanan, we will be close enough to render any assistance, which may be required."

"Really, General, this could be done; the trouble is that everybody here knows that you gentlemen must remain behind; they might suspect something should you leave after we had set out, and at once dispatch a runner."

We conversed for about two hours about this important subject, and at last agreed upon the following plan:

The column would set out at eight o'clock next morning, in case the rice should not have arrived, leaving the officers behind under a guard of ten Macabebes, with a corporal, all trusty men. Among their rifles should be hidden five "Krag's" for the use of the General should an occasion arise. After an hour's march, I would order one soldier to return with a letter in Tagalog, signed by Lieutenant Colonel Hilario Talplacido and addressed to the corporal in command of the guard, telling him that new orders had been received from headquarters for the prisoners to march in our rear. The messenger to show this communication to the soldier of the outpost, so as to allay any suspicion on their part. The prisoners to follow in the track made by us.

* * * *

CHAPTER 14

MARCH TO AND ENTRY IN PALANAN

At about five o'clock in the morning of March 23rd, 1902 [1901] our scouts were prepared. The rice sent for on the preceeding evening had not yet arrived, and we decided to wait until eight, so as to enter Palanan with something in our stomachs, for the soldiers could hardly bear any contre temps which might occur. The three intervening hours, I [was] occupied in arranging all the details.

First, I called a corporal and told him to choose from his company the ten soldiers which he considered the best, that he would be in command of them, and stay behind as a guard for the officers; that after we had left, a messenger would bring him an order to follow with the prisoners; that he should show this letter to the soldiers of the outpost, and then march in our rear, following the trail. I further advised him that five "Kraggs" would be left with him for the use of the supposed prisoners. The corporal understood his part and promised to carry it out. Then I called the lieutenants in charge of the different sections and explained.

to them that should the rice not arrive at eight o'clock, we would start out without it, to tell their soldiers that Palanan was only eight miles distant, that we would reach it in the evening and that the prisoners would march in our rear. Consequently, I said to them, we will be alone. 'On the march have the rifles loaded and ready for fire, but no soldier to utter a word, nor make a movement, nor fire a shot without my express order under severe penalty on our return to Manila; that these were the General's instructions, and that all the scouts must be informed thereof. Further, that I should march at the head and in advance of the column, when we entered Palanan; that they would be at the head of their sections, the soldiers to march in perfect order each with his rifle loaded, they can load it either here, or in the woods, but always exercising care so that the carriers could not perceive it. All keep their eyes fixed on me and to obey me strictly when entering Palanan. Aguinaldo's troops will either be drawn up to receive us or be in their quarters, none of the Macabebes to move or fire, unless the command is given. Then I told them to instruct their companies and see that the soldiers understood the orders perfectly.

The corporal, who was to remain, now presented himself with the scouts he had chosen, I placed the officers in his charge and then wrote a letter to be delivered to him.

"Corporal, commanding prisoners escort:

"Having received on the road a letter from E. Aguinaldo, ordering the prisoners to march with us, you will at once leave for Palanan.

"The Lieutenant Colonel,

"Hilario Talplacido."

Notwithstanding the deplorable state we were in, every body was full of enthusiasm and courage, but I had [*sic*] afraid that had the journey lasted two days more, our plan would have miscarried or the officers died, so thin and extenuated were these gentlemen. Hilario was also in a very bad condition and had to be carried all the way, I was dragging my injured foot, suffering untold pains. Many of the soldiers were sick from lack of food but hope that all would end today sustained us and them.

I formed the troops and in their presence informed the prisoners that they would have to remain here under guard, but that provisions would be sent next day. The prisoners answered: "Very well." then, called the roll and gave the command: "March."

Our force consisted now of Hilario, commanding, 4 lieutenants, 4 sergeants, 7 corporals and 56 soldiers.

We were in the woods for about one half hour when we met three men with rice for us. I was completely satisfied that we had deceived Aguinaldo and

asked the carriers if we were awaited in Palanan and if food had been prepared for us, they answered, that provisions were abundant, as the day before E. Aguinaldo had celebrated his birthday; and that we would be received with music. (I said to myself that Aguinaldo would have to pay the fiddler.) After giving them orders to leave sufficient rice with us for one meal, I sent them with the remainder to the prisoners and their guard and gave them instructions to tell the corporal in charge to have the food at once prepared.

This rice was a real godsend to us, now soldiers as well as officers and prisoners could somewhat restore their vitality and be better prepared for any emergency which might arise.

We set at once to work cooking, during this time the carriers would reach Dinudungan, and the guard and officers would also be able to break their fast.

Our repast over, we again set out and after marching for about one quarter of an hour. I took the letter I had written from my pocket, and handed it to a soldier of my company with orders to deliver it to his companion in charge of the supposed prisoners, and to tell him to set out at once. Should he, the messenger, be asked any questions by the insurgent outpost, to say that a runner had come from Aguinaldo with orders to take the Americans to Palanan.

The officers would now be en route within an hour; we marched at a leisurely pace so as to give them time to overtake us.

Our road was nothing but a path through the forest, and we were compelled to march in Indian file; the road was sticky loam, moist, and humid, owing to the frequent rains, and we had to cross numerous rivulets. At about noon we came to a creek and waded in it for about half an hour. Close to half past twelve we met in the same bed of the stream a detachment of insurgent soldiers dressed in new uniforms who had come from Palanan. There were eleven commanded by a sergeant, who advanced to the lieutenant colonel Hilario Talplacido. I halted the troops and opened the letter which read:

"At receipt of this you will give the necessary orders that the prisoners in Dinudungan be delivered to sergeant Andres, commanding the guard which will escort said prisoners and you will also order the guard of your column to march for this place.

"Simeon Villa,
"Colonel of the Staff."

This was for me the most critical moment of the whole expedition; here were eleven soldiers with an order for us to turn the prisoners over to them. Now these self-same prisoners were by this time on the road

to join us, and really marching in our rear. What must I do to get free of this tangle? I did not know at the moment. The Macabebes at sight of those soldiers, were transformed into statues. All I seeked [*sic*] was to gain time to invent something.

“Very well, boys; how are things up there, is every thing all right in the village, is there sufficient food, plenty of troops?”

The sergeant replied:

“Yes, sir, we were expecting you yesterday, on Don Emilio’s birthday and we had a feast in the village, there are not many soldiers, because this morning the outposts left, but yesterday we had more than a hundred.”

“Sergeant, what is your commanding officer’s name?”

“I belong to major Alhambra’s troops.”

“Well, what are your instructions?”

“You to turn over the prisoners left behind in Dinungan, and I to take them into a part of woods from where they can not escape.”

Time was pressing, I must arrive quickly at a decision, for every minute our officers were approaching closer. My first intention was to overpower the detachment, take their rifles, and make them prisoners; but this plan had the great inconvenience that the firing

might be heard in Palanan; furthermore, the carriers, who until now had suspected nothing, had to be considered, as one might easily escape and carry the news to Palanan and then good-bye capture of Aguinaldo.

Still, as there was no remedy, something had to be done. "Come on," I said, "let us get out of the creek and sit down, in the meanwhile I shall write the order which you must take to my corporal; for without an order from his superior officer, he will refuse to hand the prisoners over to you."

"Very well, sir."

I called Hilario and told him that he would have to sign a letter addressed to our corporal in charge of the prisoners, and he informed lieutenant Gregorio, who acted as secretary, to make out the order. At the same time I mentioned to Gregorio not to be in a hurry, but to spent [*sic*] as much time as possible on it, so as to give me an opportunity to send word to the officers. In the meanwhile the letter was edited, I stopped aside and went to the rear, and there beyond the carriers and insurgents, sergeant Andres having remained with Hilario and the secretary, I ordered one of my sergeants to return as fast as his legs would carry him, until he met the prisoners, inform them of what had happened, tell them to go into hiding until the Palanan detachment had passed, and then to keep on our trail following us. In this manner, I was confident to out with

[outwit] the sergeant, for he would be unable to discover the trick played on him until he reached the outpost, and by that time we would be in Palanan and Aguinaldo in all probability our prisoner.

I had made no mistake. The General, who was in all such matters an expert, at once had a clear understanding of the situation, gave orders to penetrate without delay into the depths of the forest and Andres marched by without being the wiser; this I heard afterwards.

My sergeant gone, all I had to do was to delay the Palanan detachment as long as I possibly could, so as to give him an opportunity to reach our officers and scouts and advise them of the impending danger. A sufficient length of time having transpired, the letter was delivered and Aguinaldo's soldier after saluting left in search of the prisoners.

The Macabebes who had observed all my movements, understood my plan and were laughing about the trick played on the insurgent sergeant; they admitted the cold blooded [*sic*] in which manner I had treated those soldiers who had no suspicion whatsoever what kind of people we were. This convinced me that our scouts would play their part perfectly and the incident was therefore useful and of value to me; but, God only knows what would have happened had those insurgents met us at the outpost; then matters would

have been entirely different and plans perhaps jeopardized!

At about two in the afternoon we reached two inhabited [*sic*] juts and also passed a few rice patches; two short miles more and we would be in Palanan located on the river along the bank of which we were marching. We met a few men who were working in the fields, inquired about the distance, and was told that we were close to the village. A quarter of an hour later he came in sight of it, and one of its houses, close to the stream, had a high pole with a Philippine flag flying; this was Aguinaldo's residence of which we were now within half a mile.

We journeyed on and reached the river which we had to cross. A large number of people were waiting and we were the attraction of field glasses concentrated upon us from Aguinaldo's quarters.

* * * *

CHAPTER 15

AGUINALDO'S CAPTURE

It was about half past three when we reached the ford, about two hundred yards distant from Aguinaldo's headquarters, situated on the opposite side of the river. People were looking at us from the windows and we heard the noise of a gong, the signal for the band to receive us.

As there were only three boats available for crossing the stream, each only capable of holding six persons, this operation occupied about fifteen minutes. Accompanied by four scouts I went in the first boat. All having been ferried across, I formed the troops in line by sections. During this manoeuvre, a captain, aide to Aguinaldo, came to greet us in his name, saluted and I introduced all our officers to him. He told me that they had expected us for the last two days, and if we had arrived a day sooner we could have taken part in the festivities celebrated in honor of Aguinaldo's birthday. I asked him:

"Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes, as far as I am concerned, very much so. We had music, balls, theaters with native artists and different other pastimes. Furthermore all of us officers made speeches in praise of our President, congratulating him. Here, see, this is my speech," and he showed me a piece of paper. "If you had been here, you also would have partaken of everything."

"It was absolutely impossible for us," I answered, "to come earlier, the condition in which our soldiers did not permit it."

"Well," he replied, "we yet have music, and I believe you can still have some fun."

The soldiers were now formed and each in his place. In the presence of the aide-de-camp I addressed the men:

"Boys, when we are now in the presence of our President, I want you to go through a drill, and when I say "Present arms," you must do it well so it may not be said you are deficient in the soldier's art; have you heard me?"

"Yes, sir," answered all.

Then turning to the adjutant: "Captain, whenever you wish, I am at your command."

"Let us go."

The aide-de-camp, Hilario and myself marched at the head. When entering the village we met major

Alhambra, also dressed in full uniform, who embraced me. We came in sight of Aguinaldo's soldiers about sixty in all formed in front of their barracks. Several others were looking out of the windows of the headquarters. The square and the houses were yet embellished with an arch. A man was beating a gong summoning the band together. Our troops came to a halt in front of Aguinaldo's soldiers, who stood at attention. I gave the command "Present arms." This done we remained at a distance of not more than ten yards from the insurgents and in a position oblique to the one occupied by them. We did this so that when opening fire we could completely enfilade their front. Our forces, including the carriers, having been drawn up in line, Hilario and I went towards Aguinaldo's house, eight yards away, to render to him our report. When mounting the steps of the house, Santiago Barcelona, physician to Aguinaldo and treasurer of the insurgent government, received us and introduced us to colonel Simeon Villa and several other officers with whom I was not acquainted. Barcelona said Aguinaldo was in his room dressing. I believe our arrival found him in drawers and that he did not deem it convenient to receive us dressed so thinly. In the meantime as we waited for him, cigarettes and sugar water were offered to us. At the same time Simeon Villa made several inquiries about the fatigue we had undergone on the road, to all of which I answered.

Five minutes since our entry into the house had not passed before Aguinaldo dressed in khaki, came out of his room at attention. When we saw him coming, Hilario and myself stood and give him a military salute. He walked straight up to us and greeted us with a handshake. It seemed that Aguinaldo did not remember me, because he asked me in what provinces I had operated and under what generals. Afterwards he inquired how many days we had been on the march and I replied "twenty six".

"How are the provinces in Central Luzon?" he asked in Spanish.

"Very well, my President; we are under fire there every day; many convoys and provisions have been captured from the Americans; the generals operating in those provinces have taken a large number of prisoners; the people of the villages render willingly all kinds of assistance to their brothers who are in arms and carry on the war in the mountains and woods; the general state of affairs in the provinces is very favorable for us."

"Very well, very well," replied Aguinaldo. "I am glad to hear such good news. How about ammunition? Do you bring much?"

"Yes, sir, the soldier who has the least, carries a hundred cartridges."

"Oh, well, very well. Here we are short of ammunition, my men have only twenty five rounds, but now we can rest tranquility [*sic*] with the company you gentlemen bring."

I had been standing up during this conversation, but now Aguinaldo noticed that my foot was hurt and he immediately told me to sit down.

"What is the trouble with your foot?"

"I do not know; about four days ago it began to become inflamed and now causes me great trouble."

"Do not be scared; doctor Barcelona will soon cure you. He has medicines here and in three or four days you will be well."

Aguinaldo also spoke in Tagalog to Hilario, asking him the same questions he had put to me.

Half an hour had now passed since we entered the house. The soldiers were yet on the square and in the same formation and position in which we had left them. During our conversation with Aguinaldo I was able to form a correct idea of the location of the building, and of its interior as well as of its exterior and surroundings. All the officers in the village were gathered in the house which was one of those common to the country, being built of boards and palm leaves (*nipa*) and located just on the bank of the river. It was very poorly furnished, with only a table and two or three

benches along the wall. This was sufficient proof of the poverty in which the Philippine chieftain lived.

After making this examination and impressing upon my mind the location of the doors and windows, by which an escape might be effected, and considering that the General and officers must by this time be close, I addressed Hilario as if he was my commanding officer:

"Lieutenant Colonel, the soldiers require rest."

"Very well, ask for permission."

Aguinaldo, who was talking to colonel Villa and telling him to order food to be prepared for us, turned towards us saying:

"Gentlemen, you will dine today with us."

"Sir," I said, "the soldiers must have something to eat as well as rest, they have been very short of both for nearly a month."

"Good, quarters are ready for them to rest," and he pointed to a house alongside of the barracks. "As soon as the rations are cooked they will be notified and can then eat. But before you go, I congratulate for your gallantry to have me brought five prisoners."

"Many thanks, my President," I answered, "you know that we are ready for everything necessary, against the Americans."

"Thanks," he replied, "the country will reward your services."

I then went downstairs with Hilario and towards the soldiers who remained yet in the same formation. Aguinaldo and all his officers were in the windows to see us march past. I took my post of the head of the company, removed my hat and raising it high shouted:¹

“NOW MACABEBES!!”

The Macabebes raised their rifles, loaded since morning, took quick aim at the company formed in their front and fired a volley. At the same moment and while the scouts were firing, I ran, revolver in hand, up to Aguinaldo's house with Hilario, a sergeant, and a soldier who were close, and the four surrounded the house. The confusion was so great at that moment that Aguinaldo and Barcelona, standing at the windows, believed at the beginning that the Macabebes, overcome by excitement, were firing a salute into the air.

Some of the officers jumped out for the back windows and escaped. Aguinaldo and Barcelona remained motionless in one of the windows looking towards the river, terrified at this unexpected catastrophe. That same moment Villa jumped out of one of the windows, in an attempt at escape. I fired a shot from my revolver and wounded him in the wrist. Notwithstanding this, he refused to listen to my cries to him to surrender. Therefore I was compelled to fire again this time the ball struck him in the back, passing out through the

body and coming out just above the heart. He then surrendered.

All this time we never lost sight of Aguinaldo and Barcelona who stood immovable at the window, for the sergeant who had accompanied me covered both with his rifle, commanding them not to make a move under penalty of instant death.

Hilario, revolver in hand, stood at the door preventing any one from coming down stairs. Our soldiers kept on firing in all directions on the people of the village who fled terrified. In that critical moment, I told Aguinaldo and Barcelona who were still at the window. "You are our prisoners, we are not insurgents, we are Americans. We have taken you by surprise. Surrender unconditionally without offering the slightest resistance. If not you will be killed."

Barcelona answered: "Yes, sir, we surrender," and taking a white handkerchief from his pocket, said, "This is the flag of peace."

"Well, then, upstairs we go." I shouted to my comrades. Leaving Villa sitting on the ground, Hilario, the soldier, and I went up into the house, the sergeant continuing to cover the window with his rifle so as prevent an escape. Once upstairs, I first secured all the firearms. Then I ordered the sergeant to bring Villa into the house and confined the three prisoners in a room with two sentries, Hilario also remaining with them.

Then I returned immediately to the square, concentrated my soldiers, who yet kept up the fire and were taking possession of the village from which the insurgents had fled to the woods at the first volley. At this moment I heard voices from the direction of the other side of the river and saw the General accompanied by his officers and guard running to join us.

My enthusiasm was so great that I forgot everything about my sore foot and also started to run down to the river to embrace the General. I cried:

"We have succeeded, they are already our prisoners."

We all ran up to the house and when General Funston saw Aguinaldo he said to him:

"You are a prisoner of war of the army of the United States of America; I am General Funston, commander of the expedition. You will be treated with due consideration and sent to Manila at the first opportunity in a steamer which is coming to take us on board in the bay of this village."

From this moment on, Aguinaldo and the other prisoners were placed under the direct charge of an American officer who staid with them in their room cobete [*sic*] sentries were stationed around the house. We took possession of the money in the house, amounting to fourteen hundred pesos, and also of all the official documents. We picked up twenty five rifles dropped by the insurgents in their fight. A reconnaissance was made

in and about the village, and we were absolute masters of the situation.

From this time on everyone resumed his proper station. The General was again a general and I ceased to be captain of the company, the command whereof again devolved upon the brothers Hazzard. The first thing we did was to search for rice and other food and to eat until we were satisfied.

The same evening we buried the bodies of the few insurgents who had fallen in the fight. Our party had escaped without any casualties.

As several guerrillas operated in Cagayan valley, a few hours distance from Palanan, we thought they might make an attempt to attack us as soon as they heard of the Capture of their President and staff. Consequently we took the precaution to throw up shallow trenches in the square where we remained until the 25th, the date on which the Cruiser, according to agreement, would arrive in the bay.

All our poor carriers had fled at the first volley, with the exception of two who, lying flat on the ground, had remained; of the inhabitants of the village there were left behind only the village president of Casiguran and a small boy. All the rest, including the women, had disappeared. So great was their fear of us that during the two nights of our stay in the village not one of them returned.

CHAPTER 16

CONCLUSION

As it had been agreed with the cruiser to call for us in Palanan bay on March 25th, and the capture having taken place on the 23rd, we had to wait two days. During this time I had several conversations with Aguinaldo, who in one asked me:

“What do you think, Mr. Segovia, they will do with me? Do you suppose they will deport me to Guam or shoot me?”

“Man, no, the Americans shoot nobody unless he is a criminal. About Guam, they may send you there, if you insist in your hostility against the Government, but should you decide upon being loyal and not rise in arms against the United States, they may not exile you.”

“How about Guam, is it healthy?”

“Yes, it is a very healthy, fresh climate. For this reason the American authorities sent to that place those Filipinos suffering in a serious degree from revolutionary mental derangement.”

“And Manila, how is it, what are the politics of the prominent persons?”

"Well, in Manila are different political parties; but once there, you will see for yourself."

"Does the American Government grant the Filipinos liberty to form political parties?"

"Yes, sir, but it keeps a sharp eye upon them, and if it notices that a politician shows alarming symptoms of the mental derangement the person so affected retires to Guam for a change of climate."

"But," answered Aguinaldo, "I am now a prisoner and will have no influence with those yet in arms. What can I do? They will not obey me any more."

"You know only too well, Mr. Aguinaldo," I replied, "that should you speak to them in the name of the country, as you did before, it would create a great impression. You know the strong hold you have upon the people."

"What do you know about the Federal Party which is being formed?"

"I can not tell you the result it may have, still I believe if it follows out its program, the result may perhaps be good. Once in Manila you will know all by personal observation and will become convinced, that if you work loyally towards peace, this peace will soon be a fact, as the people desire it. Only your initiating it is lacking, owing to the important part you have taken in the revolution."

In another conversation I had with Aguinaldo, he asked me to explain to him everything about the plan we had laid for his capture, and I did so.

"I should never have believed it," he said, "that I could be decided in this manner: All has been carried out so perfectly that I can not but admire your sagacity. I would not have dared to do such a thing. But why did you not ask us to surrender when you reported to me at my house? In this manner bloodshed would have been avoided."

"Oh, Mr. Aguinaldo," I replied, "it would have been very difficult should you have resisted. Perhaps you might have escaped. We were only two, Hilario and myself, you gentlemen numbered eleven, and your soldiers might have suspicioned [*sic*] something and opened fire in advance of our Macabebes. This would have been inconvenient for us, as you will understand."

"Believe me," answered Aguinaldo, "that the whole thing seems yet to me a nightmare. I can hardly believe myself a prisoner."

An idea can be formed from these conversations of Aguinaldo's state of mind at that time. With Santiago Barcelona and Simeon Villa I hardly exchanged a word since they were taken prisoners. Nothing of importance happened during our two days stay in Palanan and our only occupation consisted in reading the enormous number of documents found in Aguinaldo's headquarters.

As far as our scouts were concerned they appeased their hunger, enjoyed a well armed [earnd] rest. As their clothing was soiled and worn out by the long march, they helped themselves to such clothes as could be found in the abandoned houses of the village.

At six o'clock in the morning of March 25th, everything was in readiness. We set out in a northerly direction in search of the bay, about six miles distant, where it had been agreed that the steamer should meet us. An American officer walked at the side of each prisoner, besides the same guard which had formed the escort of the supposed captives. The baggage and personal effects of Aguinaldo and his two companions were sent in a canoe, manned by the only two carriers who had remained down the river. As they had to travel along, Aguinaldo gave them a letter for their protection, in case they should meet insurgent forces. The letter was in Tagalog and read as follows:

"I beg of you not to all-treat or trouble the bearers, who take my baggage down to the bay, where I shall embark on an American steamer which will carry me to Manila.

"The Prisoner, E. Aguinaldo."

Precisely at the moment we reached the bay, we were able to discern on the horizon, and at a distance of about twelve miles, our steamer [and] joy overcame

us all: Our plan had been a success. Our hardships were fully rewarded by Aguinaldo's capture. The steamer with marvellous accuracy and exactness had also complied with its part. The prisoners turned pale at the sight of the vessel, they undoubtedly thought of the changes the last two days had brought about.

Our march having come to an end, we discharged and paid the carriers and took leave of the president of Casiguran, who had come in our company from Palanan.

An hour later, the steamer was close enough to understand our preconcerted flag-signals, and informed of our brilliant success, the boats were lowered to bring us aboard.

The embarking began, the prisoners were the first to reach the cruiser. Once more everybody again on board, the crew cheered wildly General Funston the Army and the Navy. The anchors were raised and we steamed by the northern route to Manila, which we reached three days afterwards.

Day break of the 28th found us inside of the bay of Manila. At six o'clock Commander Clennon, General Funston and lieutenant Mitchell took Aguinaldo to General MacArthur then living in Malacañang palace.

Since that morning I never met Aguinaldo again, we had accomplished our mission and consequently this narrative now ends.

General Funston arrived at the palace when General MacArthur was at breakfast. Aguinaldo remained that day at Malacañang where he was treated with due consideration. Shortly afterwards he took the oath of allegiance and issued a proclamation calling upon his countrymen to lay down their arms.¹ He is yet subject to the orders of the Military Authorities.

Colonel Simeon Villa was taken to the hospital where his wounds were cured and after taking the prescribed oath, was released, as also Mr. Santiago Barcelona.

General Funston was made a Brigadier General in the regular Army in reward for the great services rendered in this grand expedition of which all of us members were congratulated by special desire of the President. All the officers, volunteers, received commissions in the regular service. We received a gratification [reward] as also all the Macabebes who had taken part.

Before ending I desire to express my best wishes towards captain Barry, commanding the cruiser "Vicksburg", his officers and crew, without whose help we would have been unable to accomplish our object, now having finished let me exclaim from the innermost of my heart: Long live the Army and Navy of the United States, whose heroic acts embellish the history of the noble sons of Washington.

NOTES

CHAPTER 2

1. The odyssey of Aguinaldo's retreat from Pangasinan, in 1899, to Palanan, Isabela, is told in the diaries of Col. Simeon Villa and Dr. Santiago Barcelona, included in the Philippine Insurgent Records and published in 1963 by the Bureau of Public Libraries (now the National Library). At the time of Aguinaldo's retreat to Palanan, Colonel Villa, a physician, was Aguinaldo's chief-of-staff, while Barcelona, also a physician, was the official physician of the refugees.

* * *

CHAPTER 3

1. The sentence is awkward and should read "... you will continue your tenacious resistance. . . ."

2. Gregorio Cadhit.

* * *

CHAPTER 4

1. Now the province of Rizal.

2. Now Angeles City.

3. Must have been Papaya, Nueva Ecija.

4. Teodoro Sandico was Secretary of the Interior in Apolinario Mabini's Cabinet. Later on, he became one of the founders of the Demócrata Party, governor of Bulakan, and senator.

5. Segovia's imagination is running wild in this passage.

CHAPTER 5

1. Intramuros or the City of Manila proper. The City of Manila must not be confused with the province of Manila which, during the Spanish régime, included what are now the cities and municipalities surrounding the present City of Manila.

2. A kind of barge with a covering made of rattan strips or thin bamboo strips.

* * *

CHAPTER 8

1. Segovia does not mention the master forger whom Funston ordered to forge Lacuna's letter to Aguinaldo and thus make it appear, by implication, that he himself forged Lacuna's handwriting. The forger was Roman Roque, clerk and interpreter at Funston's office in San Isidro, Nueva Ecija. See Teodoro A. Agoncillo, *Malolos: The Crisis of the Republic* (Quezon City, University of the Philippines, 1960), p. 599.

* * *

CHAPTER 11

1. Segovia is here referring to the forged letter.

2. In the preceding paragraph, Segovia refers to carabaos to be slaughtered. In this sentence, the carabaos are suddenly transformed into cattle!

* * *

CHAPTER 15

1. Funston, in his *Memorias of Two Wars* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911), p. 420, says it was Gregorio Cadhit who gave the order "Give it to them!" Aguinaldo's account, reprinted here as Appendix B, substantiate, in a general way, Segovia's account. Funston was not in the immediate vicinity

of the "firing" and so could not have known from personal observation who gave the order to fire at Aguinaldo's guards. It is possible Cadhit told Funston he (Cadhit) gave the order to fire at Aguinaldo's guards.

* * *

CHAPTER 16

1. Aguinaldo took the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States on 1 April 1901. On 19 April, he issued a proclamation in which he said partly: "Enough of blood; enough of tears and desolation. This wish cannot be ignored by the men still in arms if they are animated by no other desire than to serve the noble people who have clearly manifested their will."

APPENDIX A

THE STORY OF MY CAPTURE *

By Emilio Aguinaldo

Palanan is a little village, of houses built of bamboo and thatched with nipa, situated on the banks of the river which bears the same name, and some six miles distant from the seashore. It is one of the most isolated places in the province of Isabel, in northern Luzon. There are no ways of communication with the outside world except rough trails or foot-paths that lead over the mountains to the west, to Ilagan, or south to Casiguran, and its peaceful population of some twelve hundred souls has heard very little of the tide of war which for four years has desolated our country. Nevertheless when I first went there with my companions and our little band of followers, in the month of September, 1900, I was received with enthusiasm by these simple, hospitable people, and everything that they had was placed at my disposal. I was accompanied by Dr. Santiago Barcelona and Colonel Simon [*sic*] Villa,¹ my

* *Everybody's Magazine*, Vol. V, No. 24, August, 1901.

¹ The correct name is Simeon Villa. — T.A.A.

chief-of-staff. We had some seventeen soldiers, who had followed us in all our wanderings over the mountains and through the forests of northern Luzon. Barracks were furnished for these soldiers, and a house was set apart for the residence of myself and my companions.

We lived here quietly for several weeks, enjoying the few diversions in the way of amusement that the village could offer. There was a fairly capable band of music, and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons it was accustomed to give concerts in the plaza in front of my house, followed sometimes by a dance in the parish house, next to the church, for the young people of the village.

This continued until the 23rd of November, when we received word that a force of about fifty Americans was in the mountains not far off, apparently coming to Palanan. We hastily concealed all documents and papers and other things which might reveal our presence in the town, and then left the village and went into the mountains near by, where we remained in hiding until the Americans went away, two or three days later. Then we returned to the village and resumed our tranquil existence. Not long after this occurrence our forces were augmented by the arrival of some forty men sent me by command of Major Nasario Alhambra.

During all this time we received the Manila newspapers with more or less regularity, although they were always considerably delayed in reaching us. I had the

amusing experience of reading on several occasions the reports of my own death, and subsequently a detailed account of an imaginary adventure in Cavite last December, in which I was said to have narrowly escaped being captured.

In January of this year Colonel Villa, who was growing tired of our peaceful and uneventful life, asked me to give him command of forces in the field, in any province of Luzon, and it was decided between us and Dr. Barcelona to make requisition on the commanding officer of our forces in central Luzon for a reinforcement of four hundred men. It was my intention to put these men under the command of Colonel Villa, and to confer upon him the command of the military district of the valley of the Cagayan, which included the three provinces of Cagayan, Isabela, and Nueva Viscaya. At the same time it was decided to send orders to Brigadier-General Teodoro Sandiko, directing him to come to Palanan to relieve Colonel Villa as chief-of-staff.

Accordingly, with this in view, I sent, on the 15th of January, Private Cecilio Segismundo, a man thoroughly acquainted with the country in central Luzon, to deliver several letters addressed to the officers who were in command of our guerrilla forces in that territory. Among these letters were one addressed to General Sandiko, and another addressed to General Baldomero Aguinaldo to whom I gave orders to assume command

of Colonel Lázaro Makagapál, to the province of Isabela. Colonel Villa also gave the messenger, Segismundo, a pass, directed to the local presidents² of the towns through which he might travel, ordering them to render him every assistance possible, and to supply him with whatever he might need. Segismundo left for Nueva Viscaya under directions to go by way of the towns of Casiguran and Baler.

We had no news whatever from our messenger until the 20th of March, upon which date I received two sealed packages, which were delivered to me by a man from Casiguran, a town about fifty miles south of Palanan. These packages contained two letters, one from General Urbano Lakuna, and the other from Lieutenant-Colonel Hilario Tal Plácido. General Lakuna said in his letter, which was addressed to me, that, in accordance with my orders of the 12th of January, he was sending me one of his best guerrilla companies under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hilario Tal Plácido and Captain Lázaro Segovia, both of whom he recommended for immediate promotion in recognition of the valiant and very valuable services which they had rendered.

The letter of Tal Plácido was dated in Casiguran on the 17th of March. In it he said that while on the march, near the town of Pantabangan,³ he had encountered a party of ten Americans engaged in making

² The equivalent of the present town mayors. — T.A.A.

³ In the province of Tayabas, now Quezon. — T.A.A.

maps, and that in view of the inferiority of the enemy's force he had attacked them, and had succeeded in killing and wounding five of them, taking the other five prisoners. The dead and wounded he had left on the field, but the prisoners were now with his force. The letter went on to say that they had exhausted their supplies, and he thought it would be necessary to allow the men to rest a few days in Casiguran and forage for more provisions.

Immediately upon the receipt of this letter I directed Colonel Villa to reply to it, and to say that in view of the circumstances it would not be wise to permit these American prisoners to come into Palanan, for the reason that in the event that they were set free, or contrived to escape, they would be able to serve as guides to bring their countrymen down on us. It seemed better, therefore, and Colonel Tal Plácido was so directed, that the prisoners should be left in a place called Dinundungan, which is about five miles from Palanan, under a guard of eleven soldiers commanded by a sergeant, who should be instructed to take the prisoners to Ilagan, the capital of the province of Isabela, under cover of the darkness. Once in Ilagan, they were to be liberated.

On the evening of the 22nd of March another communication was received from Colonel Tal Plácido, in which he informed Colonel Villa of his arrival with his forces at a place called Dibacal, distant about six miles from Palanan. He also said that his men were com-

pletely worn out with the fatigue and hardships of the march, and that they had not had so much as a grain of rice to eat in the last twenty-four hours. He begged me to send him a supply of rice at once, so that he could continue the march early in the morning of the next day. In accordance with this request I sent him a quantity of rice that same evening by a party of Negritos.

There had been a celebration in Palanan that day, March 22nd, on account of the anniversary of my birth, and the little village was in gala dress. Arches had been erected, and such other decorations were provided as the limited resources of the place could supply. A number of people had made the fifty-mile journey from Casiguran to congratulate me on the occasion, and we celebrated the day with horse races, dancing, serenades, and amateur theatricals. The near approach of our reinforcements furnished an added incentive to the festivity of the day.

The next morning, March 23rd, at six o'clock, I ordered Colonel Villa to send eleven soldiers of my personal guard to Dinudungan to take charge of the American prisoners in place of the men detailed by Colonel Tal Plácido, who were worn out by their hard march, so that they might have a chance to rest and recuperate. Colonel Villa also superintended the evacuation of one of the barracks occupied by my troops, so that it might be made ready for the reinforcements which were about

to arrive. At the same time Colonel Villa sent a letter to the Military Chief of Isabela de Luzon, informing him that within a week a company of reinforcements for his province would be sent to him, and directing him to get together at his camp at Tierra Virgen as large a quantity of rice as possible.

It was my intention to allow Hilario Tal Plácido and his men to rest in the camp in Palanan for a week, and then to send them to Isabela. The men were to be attached to the guerrilla forces already operating in that province, and Colonel Tal Plácido was to assume the military chieftainship of the province, relieving the officer then in command, who was to go to the province of Nueva Viscaya.

The morning of March 23rd was passed in making preparations for the formation of a Red Cross league among the ladies who had come up from Casiguran for my birthday. With this object Dr. Barcelona had sent them an invitation to come to my house at three o'clock in the afternoon.

About two in the afternoon I saw Tal Plácido's men crossing the Palanan River in small boats, and at once directed Colonel Villa to send Captain Tomás Magsarilo [*sic*]⁴ to salute the newcomers and welcome them in my name. Colonel Villa also arranged that the soldiers of my personal guard who were not on duty should fire the proper military salutes.

⁴ Tomás Magsarili. — T.A.A.

It was not long before the new troops, some eighty-five in number, entered the village of Palanan and halted in the plaza in front of my house, where about twenty soldiers of my guard were drawn up waiting to receive them. It was about three o'clock. The newcomers were dressed in the regular uniform of the Filipino army, and were armed with Mausers, Remingtons and one or two Krag. The officers, Colonel Tal Plácido and Captain Segovia — the latter a Peninsular Spaniard — then came into my house. After the usual salutations I asked them what sort of a journey they had had. To this Segovia replied that it had been exceedingly hard, and that they had not had twenty four hours' rest since the 24th of February, the date of their departure from Nueva Ecija. Segovia then told me that he had been at one time the adjutant of the Spanish General Llanera,⁵ and had seen me then, but I have no recollection of having seen him before this occasion.

After talking with Tal Plácido and Segovia for fifteen or twenty minutes, I gave orders that the newly arrived men be allowed to fall out and go to rest in the quarters which had been prepared for them. Captain Segovia immediately left the house and returned to the place where his men were drawn up waiting for him. As he came up to them Segovia shouted in a loud voice an order which we did not hear distinctly

⁵ The context of the sentence points to General Mariano Llanera, commander of the Filipino forces in Nueva Ecija. He was a Filipino with Spanish blood. — T.A.A.

and did not understand. Instantly his men began to shoot at the soldiers of my guard, taking them completely by surprise.

When the firing began, not suspecting any plan against myself, I thought it was a salute with blank cartridges, and having this in mind, I ran to the window and cried out several times, "Cease firing." But seeing that the firing continued, and that the bullets from the rifles of the attacking party were directed against me as well as against the soldiers of my guard, I for the first time realized that the newcomers were enemies. I hurriedly left the window and ran into another room in the hope of finding some means of escape but saw at once that the house was already surrounded. Then I seized a revolver, intending to defend myself, but Dr. Barcelona threw both arms around me crying out, "Don't sacrifice yourself. The country needs your life." Thus I was prevented from carrying out my intention. Colonel Villa ran from the house in an attempt to break through the lines of the enemy and rally our men, but he was shot three times and finally taken prisoner.

When the firing commenced, Tal Plácido threw himself down on the floor to avoid the bullets, but now he got up and told us that we were prisoners of the Americans, who, he said, were on the other side of the river with four hundred American soldiers, and would soon be here. Just at this time several of Tal Plácido's

soldiers came into the house shouting, "Hurrah for the Macabebes!" and surrounded Barcelona and myself. A little later five Americans, all armed with carbines, came into the room where we were. They came up to us, and one of them asked, "Which of you is Aguinaldo?" As soon as I had been identified by the Americans I was placed, with Dr. Barcelona and Colonel Villa, in one of the rooms of the house, and guards were posted at all the windows and doors, under command of one of the Americans. The other four Americans then began to search the house for whatever papers and documents might be there.

We were then informed that our captors were General Funston,⁶ Captains Newton and Hazzard, and Lieutenants Hazzard and Mitchell. While the search for documents was going on, Dr. Barcelona took advantage of the opportunity to dress the wounds of Colonel Villa and the others who had been hit. Fortunately the wounds of the colonel were not serious.

It is difficult to give a detailed account of what occurred outside the house during the confusion which arose after the beginning of the attack. The soldiers of my guard were completely surprised, and did not even have their rifles loaded. One was killed and two others were wounded, the rest making their escape; but whether there were any wounded among those who got away or not I do not know. When the firing began, all the

⁶ At the time a colonel. — T.A.A.

inhabitants of the village fled precipitately in the endeavor to escape; and when the attack was over, there was not a living soul in the place except General Funston's men and ourselves, the prisoners of war. A few scattering shots were fired by my men in their retreat, but to no effect. They had been taken so entirely by surprise that they had no chance to resist.

The next morning, March 24th, I had a conference with General Funston, in which I was told by him that on the next day there would arrive in the bay of Palanan a warship which would take us to Manila. In the course of the day he informed me of the plan which had resulted in our capture — a fate which I had believed would never befall me. It appears that my messenger, Private Segismundo, fell into the hands of General Funston, and the letters which he carried suggested to the general the plan which was subsequently carried out so brilliantly. The letter which I had received on the 20th, and which I supposed had come from General Lakuna, was a forgery executed with the greatest cleverness. It was complete in all its details, even bearing the seal of Lakuna, and there never occurred to me the least suspicion of its authenticity. I had not the slightest doubt from that time up to the instant of the commencement of the attack which ended in my capture. It was a bold plan, executed with skill and cleverness in the face of difficulties which, to most men, would have seemed insurmountable.

On the morning of the 25th of March General Funston gave orders to begin the march to the seashore, and we three prisoners, with one of my men, who had been wounded, left the little town which had been our place of refuge for so long a time. We reached the beach about noon, after a march of some six miles, and without loss of time the Americans made two signal fires and hoisted a white flag. A little later I made out, with the aid of my binoculars, a steamer on the horizon. Having seen, no doubt, the smoke of the signal fires, the ship steamed directly for the place where we were waiting. Within two hours the warship was anchored near the beach, and General Funston communicated, by means of the heliograph, to the officers on board the brilliant result of his expedition. By five o'clock in the afternoon we were all on board the *Vicksburg*, the anchor was hoisted, and we made for the open sea, bound for Manila.

At all times since our capture, as well in Palanan as on board the *Vicksburg*, we have been treated with the highest consideration by our captors, as well as by all the other American officers with whom we have come in contact.

At two o'clock on the morning of March 28th the *Vicksburg* anchored in the bay of Manila. At six o'clock that same morning General Funston and myself, accompanied by some officers, boarded one of the launches of the gunboat and left the *Vicksburg*. We went up the

Pasig River to the residence of the Governor-General in Malacañan, where we disembarked. A little later I was presented to General MacArthur as a prisoner of war.

Such was my return to Manila after an absence of more than four years.

APPENDIX B

THE REAL AGUINALDO *

By O. K. Davis

I have never been one of those who could see in Emilio Aguinaldo only the charlatan, nor have I seriously damaged my throat in shouting his praises. In common with most other Americans, I was a good deal readier to delineate at length his complex characteristics a few weeks after I first met him in the summer of 1898 than I have been since I came to know him more, if not better. The flippant ease with which the average American undertakes to tell all about the inscrutable Oriental almost as soon as he is introduced to him, is no more certain than the surprise of the analyst when he realizes after a long study that he doesn't know anything about the subject. This is one reason why there have been such radical differences of opinion about Aguinaldo. Another reason, perhaps just as potent, is that so many of those who have taken more or less acrid part in the discussion, have had no real knowledge of any sort on which to base their statements.

* *Everybody's Magazine*, Vol. V, No. 24, August, 1901.

When I first knew Aguinaldo he had but recently established his headquarters in Cavite, under the wing of the American eagle, and was making the most of his very slender opportunities. Admiral Dewey had caused the marine guard to be turned out for him, and had given him a general's salute. He was shrewd enough to issue proclamations to his people, telling them that the great North American nation was coming to the Philippines to give the Filipinos their independence, and the Americans were not shrewd enough to say to him that he had no right to pledge them to that or any other course of action.

General [Thomas M.] Anderson made the wholly unwarranted statement to Aguinaldo that the "United States have been a great nation for 122 years, and have never had or desired a colony. I leave you to draw your own inference."¹ Aguinaldo was shrewd enough to reply at once that "he knew the United States had no intention of annexing the Philippines, for he had read their constitution and found in it no provision for colonization." General Anderson was not clever enough then, nor was any American official later, to say to Aguinaldo that he was not authorized to interpret American actions, or to define the policy of the United States, that being solely the province of Congress. It is often said that Aguinaldo was merely the mouthpiece and

¹ A similar statement was made to Aguinaldo by Spencer Pratt, American Consul-General in Singapore in the course of their conversation in April 1898. — T.A.A.

figurehead of men like Mabini, Buencamino, and Paterno, who were really the brains of the insurgent movement.² There is, no doubt, a large measure of truth in this, but at the interview with General Anderson, he was not inspired by any of these men. These instances are cited merely to show that if he is all that has been said of him otherwise, he is not lacking in shrewdness.

He is denounced as much, perhaps, as for anything else, for taking money from Spain for stopping the insurrection of 1896. It is true that he took the money and wanted more than he got. It is also true that when he renewed the fight he spent what he had left of Spain's bribe, if it was a bribe, to carry on the war. Nor is there any pretence that the reforms Spain promised as part of her bargain with him were ever instituted. Nor has it ever been contended seriously that if he had continued the fight he could have forced Spain to better terms.

In the summer of 1898 it was evident to those Americans who were paying attention to the course of events that the Filipinos were preparing to fight us. We did not then know that they had discounted that contingency before Aguinaldo was brought down from Hong Kong by Admiral Dewey. We know now that there had been full discussion of this possibility by the Junta in Hong Kong, and that Aguinaldo had been

² Mabini and Buencamino, yes; Paterno, no. — T.A.A.

opposed to receiving any assistance from the Americans and then fighting them. He took the simple ground that such conduct would be dishonorable. He was overborne by the [*sic*] Teodoro Sandiko (mentioned in the story of his capture), who advanced the old plea that everything was fair in war.

I am inclined to think that the glimpse of high ideals here revealed by Aguinaldo was something more than a spasm of conscience. We have had fairly good evidence of his efforts, all through the struggle in the field, to prevent the outbreak of the natural ferocity of his men, and to treat prisoners with a semblance of respect for the rules of civilized warfare. Probably if his real motives could be dissected, it would be shown that that was his habitual frame of mind, and that the assassination of Luna was the spasm.

That the Filipinos understood the situation in the summer of 1898 better than the Americans did is shown by one circumstance. When Aguinaldo transferred his headquarters from Bakor [Bakoor] to Malolos, he moved out from a strategically impossible position to one that was strategically sound. In doing so he declined to come through Manila, but rode around the outskirts of the city, from Bakor [Bakoor] to Caloocan, rather than put himself, even for such a moment, apparently in the hands of the Americans. That afternoon he drove into Malolos in a carriage drawn by four white horses, surrounded by officers of his staff, to receive the cheers

and acclamations of his people, and be hailed as the Washington of the Filipinos. An hour later I was discussing with two of his most important cabinet officials what would happen when the Filipinos tried to fight the Americans. More than four months later General Otis telegraphed to Washington his opinion that there would be no conflict of arms.

I do not maintain, nor do I believe, that Aguinaldo was right, but he certainly is not the dull wit that so many Americans have declared him. Nor do I think he is the coward he has been accused so bitterly of being. He has an undoubted and tremendous personal magnetism among his own people. Otherwise he could not have held the natives of the entire archipelago so absolutely as he did. The foundation of this power over his people was the reputation he established among them for bravery and ability in the fighting against the Spaniards in 1896 and 1897. "*Terrible*" and "*muy valiente*" were feeble expressions of their appreciation of his prowess on the battle field. In the fighting with the Americans he took care of himself, as it was eminently proper that he should. The commander-in-chief has no business on the firingline.

The high-sounding language of some of his proclamations has been taken as an indication of the real Aguinaldo. If, however, it is compared with that in the proclamations and documents known to have been written by Mabini or Buencamino, it seems more probable

that one of them was the author.³ The simple, direct style in which he tells of his capture is a far better index. Its modesty, to my mind, is characteristic of the man. He was always quiet, with little to say, but saying that little in a plain, straightforward way. An episode of his career which escaped notice, both in the Philippines and in America, is curiously expressive of his real individuality, and reveals him in a strange and unfamiliar guise. In December, 1898, at the time when the Filipinos were in the very hey-day of their power, Aguinaldo wrote a letter resigning the office of president of the revolutionary government. For eight months they had been perfecting their organization and increasing their strength. No one had interfered with them, and the feeble opposition of the Spaniards merely served to give them new enthusiasm with each new victory. They understood, both leaders and people, that the conflict with the Americans was approaching rapidly. To what degree the others realized the difficulties in their path there is little to show. That Aguinaldo was able to comprehend them this letter of his bears witness.⁴

The name Aguinaldo means "Christmas box." The letter was an address to the Filipino people, in which he played upon his name. It was a remarkable human document. He began by rehearsing the situation. The

³ Probably Buencamino whose style was florid and pedestrian.—T.A.A.

⁴ This circular-letter was suppressed by Mabini who feared that its dissemination might demoralize the masses and the soldiers.—T.A.A.

organization of the army had been rapid and accompanied by unlooked — for success. The congress had been in session about three months. and had adopted a constitution which had met with his approval. These were facts well known to the people. He went on to say — and here is the surprise — that the crisis which was coming was too great for him to deal with, that it required a man of greater strength and better education, an abler, older man to lead them through the difficulties which were before them. The burden laid upon him was greater than he could bear, and he asked the people to give him as his “Aguinaldo,” release from the office of president, and allow him to resign in favor of a man more fitted than he to guide them. The inference was evident and irresistible that Aguinaldo did not think the Filipinos competent at that time to fulfill their own ambitions, and that the self-government at which they aimed was beyond them.⁵

This letter was never circulated. Mabini and his colleagues discovered that Aguinaldo had written it, and they succeeded in persuading or compelling him to suppress it. One copy fell into the hands of the Americans through the secret service. The truth is that Aguinaldo was the idol of the Filipinos, thousands of whom would follow him blindly with absolute confidence. If that

⁵ The obvious inference is that Aguinaldo knew his limitations and preferred, for the presidency, a man with higher education than he had.
— T.A.A.

letter had been made public by Aguinaldo the insurrection would not have been possible. The fact that he was persuaded to suppress it will probably be taken as an evidence of his weakness, but in its construction it has always seemed to me to show the real Aguinaldo.

The touch of the dramatic in him comes out in the last sentence of his narrative "Such was my return to Manila after an absence of more than four years." The absence began when he joined the insurrection in August, 1896. When the settlement was reached by which he agreed to exile he left the islands from one of the upper ports. On his return he went to Cavite and established the dictatorial government which subsequently was transformed into what they called the "government of the Philippine Republic."⁶ Then headquarters was moved from Cavite to Bakor [Bakoor], just across Bakor [*sic*] Bay and between the two American forces. Aguinaldo had plenty of chances to visit Manila after its capture by the Americans, but refused to do so, partly because he had been shut out of what he contended were his rights by the Americans, and partly, I have always suspected, because he was not sure how much they might know about his plans, and was unwilling to subject himself to the possibility of seizure.

⁶ The Revolutionary Government followed the Dictatorial Government.
— T.A.A.

One feature of his narrative is especially interesting to those who know him and his fondness for music. It is his reference to the band of Palanan. From the establishment of his dictatorial government in Cavite to the last he was always attended by a band. The first one was the famous Pasig band that had furnished entertainment for the Spaniards on the Luneta in Manila for years. This band was with him in Cavite, Bakor [*sic*], and Malolos, and always played for him in the early evening. Originally it numbered nearly a hundred men, and was capable of rendering exquisitely the finest music.

